

# LIFE

PROPERTY OF  
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.  
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,  
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



JAMES  
MONTGOMERY  
FLAGG

# TRAVEL NUMBER

## Everything You Expect of a Car is in the Mitchell at \$2000

You can *pay more* of course.

But all you *get more* is greater speed and increased power.

And you don't want a racing machine.

Fifty-five miles is certainly fast enough.

That's the speed of the Mitchell at \$2000.

Then 35 h. p.—the power of the Mitchell—is all you need. It is sufficient to take, with ease, the steepest grades—the worst sand or mud.

High speed and high power don't add a mite to a car's reliability. Yet they do double the cost of a car, and double the cost of the up-keep.

For style, finish and construction, no car is better than the Mitchell at \$2000. For beauty, no trimmer, neater car ever skimmed a boulevard.

The Mitchell has stood many unique tests.

At the Chicago Show 200 Mitchells were sold.

This is against an average of 10 for all the rest—where the Mitchell stood side by side.

They were sold to men who know.

Here is another rigid test for the Mitchell—

The Chicago Auto Club had a committee draw up plans and specifications for an ideal car.

By actual comparison the Mitchell at \$2000 came nearest to these specifications.

Yet it was \$300 lower than this ideal car was specified to cost.

Please abandon your prejudice — *Know the Mitchell* before you spend that \$4000 or \$5000.

The Mitchell is called the "Show Me" Car.

An advertising slogan we use and live up to.

It's the Mitchell's supreme test.

This test will convince the most skeptical—even you.

Just call up our agent—make an appointment.

Have him bring a Touring Car at \$2000—or, if you prefer, the Limousine at \$2800—the Roadster at \$1250—the Runabout at \$1000.

He will take you for a spin.

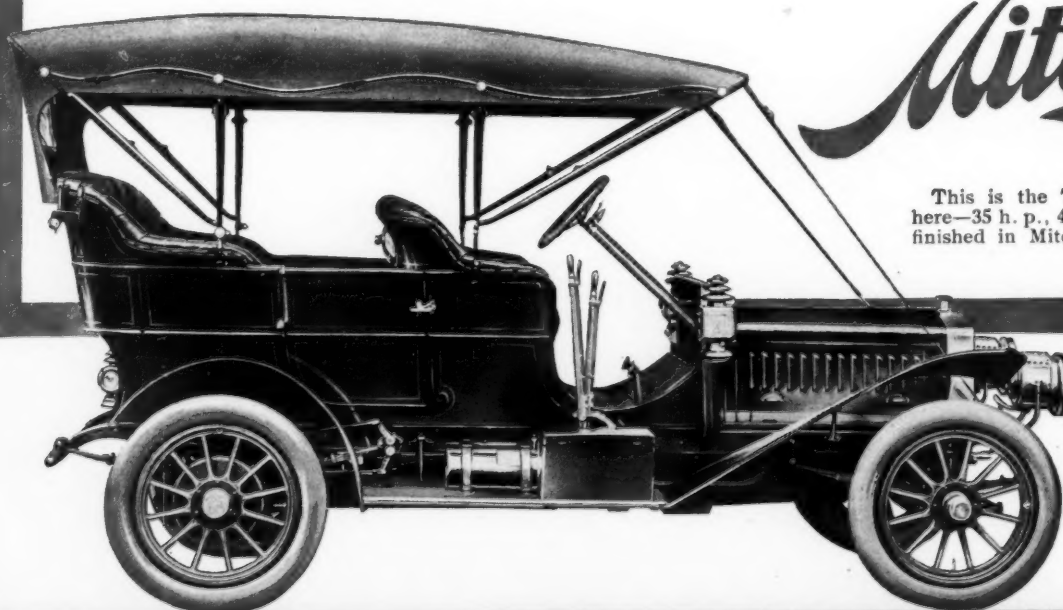
He won't argue—he will let the car itself decide whether you save \$2000 or \$3000.

Please don't hesitate to call him up—you'll be under no obligations.

You should see our Catalog No. 18—it describes in detail the Mitchell Cars.

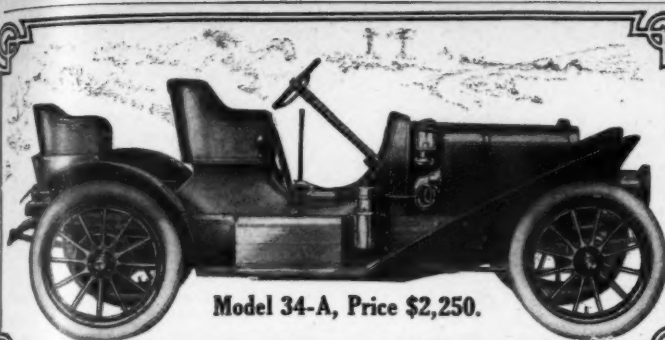
Ask the agent—or write to us.

MITCHELL MOTOR CAR CO. 318 MITCHELL STREET Racine, Wis.  
(Member American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association)



# Mitchell

This is the Touring Car shown here—35 h. p., 4 cyl., speed 55 miles, finished in Mitchell blue.



Model 34-A, Price \$2,250.

When the June days come and all nature calls, the owner of a

## Rambler

knows that his favorite nook by lake or stream is just at the end of a pleasant ride. He knows too that his ride will not be marred by petty delays or serious break-downs.

The Rambler is built for hard steady service and the thousands in daily use are ample proof of accomplishment.

Model 34-A has fully proved a leader of touring roadsters and through such marked mechanical features as offset crank shaft, straight line drive, roller bearing transmission, etc. has added to the Rambler reputation of

### The Car of Steady Service

Our branches or representatives in all leading cities can give you a convincing demonstration of its superior qualities.

See it today or write for catalog. Two other models both five-passenger touring cars, at \$1,400 and \$2,250.

**Thomas B. Jeffery & Company**

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis.

Branches and Distributing Agencies: Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

## Smith Gray

Motoring Clothes  
and Liveries

Yachting Togs for  
Officers and Crew

Write for  
Catalogue

SMITH, GRAY & CO.

NEW YORK

Broadway, at Warren St.  
Broadway, at 31st St.

BROOKLYN

Fulton St., at Flatbush Ave.  
Broadway, at Bedford Ave.

## The Vital Question Answered by Model G



Model G  
4 Cylinders—25 H. P.

\$2,000

## CADILLAC

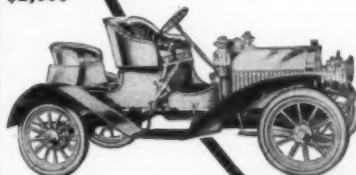
After all, the vital question in automobile buying is this: "What is the fairest price at which I can get a car possessing every essential of motor satisfaction?"—That is, a car of ample power for speed or hill, a car of comfort, luxury and beauty; one that can always be depended upon for any journey, any trial, any road, any load.

The car is **Model G Cadillac**; and the price is **\$2,000.**

This model—a decidedly advanced product of the largest motor car establishment in the world—has burst the bubble of fancy prices by offering every desirable advantage and improvement of the expensive automobiles at a fraction of their cost.

Two years' exacting service has thoroughly proven the worth of the Model G Cadillac, and its startling performances have placed it on a level with the best this country or Europe produces. It is mechanically right—no question about that. Capable of 50 miles an hour—wonderfully low in up-keep cost.

Model G  
Roadster  
\$2,000



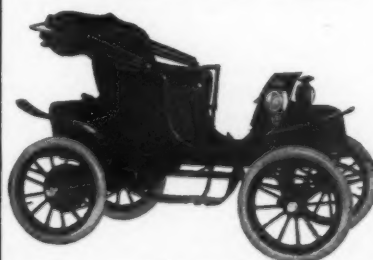
Your nearest dealer will give you an interesting demonstration. Send for Catalogue G 45.

Prices include pair dash oil lamps, tail lamp and horn.

**CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.,**  
Detroit, Mich.

Member A. L. A. M.

## RAUCH & LANG ELECTRICS



1908 MODEL STANHOPE

require no chauffeur—can be run by a woman or child with perfect safety.

**CLEAN  
ODORLESS  
NOISELESS**

These incomparable Electrics are built on mechanically correct lines, beautifully proportioned and sumptuously upholstered.

The Rauch & Lang Safety Locking device and Electric Brake Control are the most wonderful safety appliances ever invented. Found only on cars of our make.

Write for catalog describing and illustrating our eleven different models.

## THE RAUCH & LANG CARRIAGE COMPANY

Fifty-five years' experience building carriages of quality

621 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

### AGENCIES:

CHICAGO, ILL. C. P. Kimball & Co., 315 Michigan Ave.  
DETROIT, MICH., Wm. F. V. Seemann & Co., 1842 Woodward Ave.  
ST. LOUIS, MO., Union Electric Light & Power Co.  
TOLEDO, OHIO, Toledo Motor Car Co.  
DAVENPORT, IOWA, Mason Carriage Co.  
MANCHESTER, N. H., Jas. A. Wellman, Postoffice Bldg.  
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CINCINNATI, OHIO, Suburban Auto Garage  
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ROCHESTER, N. Y., Arthur McCall, South Union & Court Sts.  
COSHEN, IND., Tusqueen & Pott.

Reliable dealers wanted to represent us in cities where we have no agents.





## Rebuild Your Overworked Physique into Sturdy Strength and Vigor

How often do you come home at night too dogged tired to even respond to the pleasant reception awaiting you? Life's struggle becomes more and more intense as the twentieth century progresses. Mentally and physically you must conserve your energies, build up your strength and equip yourself for the test. You must have sleep, good digestion, steady nerves, bone and muscle, clear mind. These can be secured, maintained and enhanced by the use of

## Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

Being an extract of rich barley malt and choicest hops, it furnishes nourishment in predigested form and acts as a tonic. A desire for food is stimulated and power furnished the system to draw quicker, better and greater energy from what you eat. At the same time the gentle, soothing effects of the hops restore your nerves to their normal state. Peaceful and refreshing sleep is induced, the brain strengthened and new life given to the tired muscles.

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, being a predigested liquid food, is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It relieves insomnia, conquers dyspepsia, strengthens the weak, builds up the overworked, helps the anaemic, feeds the nerves, assists nursing mothers and invigorates old age.

At All Druggists—Insist Upon it Being Pabst

Booklet and Picture "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT CO.

DEPT. 12,

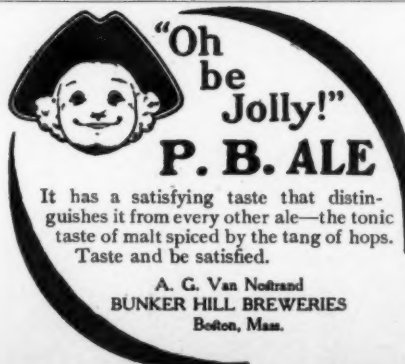
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

## BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

211 G Street N. W., Washington, D. C.  
Offers a theoretical and practical course in ELECTRICITY, complete in one year. Students actually construct Dynamos, Motors, etc., and are trained for good positions in electrical industries. Sixteenth year opens Sept. 23. Send for Catalog.

THE  
MERRY  
WIDOW  
WALTZ  
PAINTING

By HENRY HUTT. 3-color reproduction—suitable for framing, size 11 x 13. Price \$1.00. Address Merry Widow Publishing Co., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



## Yapahootee

An Indian Legend Told by the Spirit of Minnehawhaw

SHOULD you ask me, who is Yappy, Yappy, Yappy, Yap-a-hoo-tee, Yap-a-hoot-a-hoot-a-hoot-tee? I should answer thusly, lobster: Yap-a-hoot-tee means in Siwash, Talk-a-heep, the gabbling gas-bag, Heated atmosphere, concocter, Prize purveyor of wind-pudding.

On the shores of the Po-to-mac Dwells there in the great white wig-wam, (When he isn't dwelling elsewhere Or gone hunting something somewhere; When he isn't on the warpath, Slaying Oc-to-pi and bob-cats, Tracking Har-ri-mans and Hen-hawks, Busting Trusts and Molly-Coddles, Swatting Nature Fakers fiercely, Shooting with his hot-air pop-gun, Plutoc-Rats and other vermin, Undesirable, predaceous, Citizens and Mal-e-factors, And just raisin' hel-lin-gen-ral): In this wig-wam dwells a Chief-tain, Wide of grin, of teeth almighty, In this tee-pee roosts a war-lord, Given o'er to much chin-music, With a tongue that's hitched amidships, Wagging fore and aft and side-ways, To the windward and the leeward, Up and down and in and outward. Loaded to the muzzle is he With high powered conversation, With the gift o' gab most gabbling, And when nothing else is doing, Or the time hangs somewhat heavy, At half-cock he shoots his mouth off, (For, alas! no notch called "safety," Makes him wait 'till aim is taken, So it goes off prematurely, When he breathes on the hair-trigger) Shoots it at his wondering tribesmen, Bids the married men get busy, Bids the squaws produce papooses, Bids us join in emulation Of the fecund, fertile rabbit, Molly Cottontail, the bunny, Then he clubs the cor-por-ations, With his stuffed club, Billy-Bladder, Lams the lining out of credit, Hands to Con-fid-ence a hot one, Knocks the socks from fourteen billion Tainted ducats and si-mol-eons, Talking ever thru his scalp-lock, Handing out his guff in bunches, Scares to death most everybody, Doesn't do a thing to business, Jumps-upon the Solar Plexus Of the golden ovum gosling, Till his crazed tribe, panic-stricken, Stunned with words and wind and gabble, Hide their store of shells and wampum, Hide their yellow boys and greenbacks In their moccasins and stockings.

Once upon these shells and wampum, Used by all the tribes for money, Yap-a-hoo-tee found a motto Telling of a God to trust in. Yappy talked that motto silly, Talked it deaf and dumb and batty, Till the words, by words affrighted, Fade into the great Skidooward, Where is nothingness forever. Then he shrieked with war-whoop mighty "Trust in Me, oh men and maidens, Braves and squaws and all papooses, Put your trust in Yapahoo-tee; He's the first, last Hot To-ma-lee, He's the only pure tin God-let, Here's your motto: "Trust in Yappy."

See him leaning on his clublet, On his spear that knows no brother, At his feet his faithful dachshund, By his side his throne's successor, Good old Gadabout, the Fat One.

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Lo! The war-canoes make ready,  
Tho' there is no sign of combat;  
But the great Yapahootee wills it;  
Knowing if you want a rumpus,  
You can rile some other Injun,  
By a chip upon your shoulder,  
By a show of bow and arrow,  
By a tomahawk and cou-stick,  
And a scalping knife held ready.  
What is that, the thunder roaring?  
Nay, 'tis only Yap-a-hoo-tee,  
Just our Yap soliloquizing,  
In the highways and the hedges  
In the forest and the meadows,  
In the wickiups and lodges,  
Hearken to his windy mouthings,  
About everything and nothing,  
Till somebody disagreeing,  
With his wild and woolly statements,  
Wakes his wrath and loud he sputters,  
"Liar, liar, liar, liar,  
Ananias, Judas, Jael,  
Frail and foul prevaricator,  
Falsehood maker and retailer,  
Know that I alone am truthful,  
Since that other perfect mortal,  
Who was e'enmost my equal,  
Chopped a tree with childish hatchet,  
And cried: 'Popper, Franklin done it!'"  
Hear the song of Yap-a-hoo-tee,  
Song of battle and of buncombe,  
Song of cayuseless cowboy  
Suffering with paranoia.

"Once I was alone in Cuba  
And I fought my way unhindered  
Up the bloodless Hill of Kettle  
To imaginary trenches,  
And supposititious foemen,  
Facing fierce, fictitious bullets,  
Daring non-est bursting shrapnel,  
Thru a hazy dream of carnage,  
Reached the top, where never Spaniard,  
Cocked a cannon or a Mauser,  
Since this globe first started twirling.

"Yet, I seemed to see a dago,  
And I somehow seemed to shoot him  
In the back as he was fleeing  
From My dental exhibition:  
And 'false, perjured,' ghoul-like Clarence  
Guessed that he had shot another.  
Then I wandered in the twilight,  
To San Juan and howled and hollered  
And sent off some press dispatches.  
Next I blew my breath out strongly,  
While my tongue went wiggle-waggle,  
While my goose quill writ round-robins  
Till the foe in San-ti-ago.  
Crossed himself and said 'Hail Mary,  
This is not a common windstorm,  
'Tis more like a hot air-roc-co,  
Sac-ra-mento, Sol-fer-ino,  
Hi, Cos-pet-to, Dam the Gringo,  
We would better far surrender  
Than be talked to death, By Jingo!"

—Florida Times-Union.

### A Dangerous Increase

SOME years before his death Charles A. Dana predicted that by 1920 New York would be a Jewish community. Probably he set the date too early, but that the event is destined to come is shown by some facts collected by Dr. Joseph Voorsanger, who died in San Francisco last week.

These are that New York's aggregation of Jews is the largest in history or tradition, representing, as it does, 10 per cent. of all the Jews in the world. It is larger than the aggregate Jewish populations of Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, Vilna, Amsterdam, Lemberg and London. It is ten times larger than the entire Jewish population of France, twenty times larger than the entire Jewish population of Italy, twenty-five times larger than the population of Jerusalem, and fifteen times larger than the entire Jewish population of Syria and Palestine.—Chicago Journal.

# FRANKLIN

Before you buy any automobile  
see it weighed and test its strength.

Look at the running-cost of a light-weight automobile compared with a heavy one.

You can carry seven passengers in the Franklin Type H automobile cheaper than you can run the ordinary 5-passenger machine. And Type H has six cylinders with all the smoothness and speed and perfect balance they give. Think of it!—a powerful roomy touring-car refined and strong and capable of 55 miles an hour; yet weighing only 2600 pounds, and actually costing less to own and run than the average 5-passenger 4-cylinder machine.

Other seven-passenger machines both 4 and 6 cylinders, weigh on the average, a thousand pounds more than Type H, and cost over 40 per cent more to run besides depreciating faster.

All the Franklin models are on the same principle—high power with strength and light weight.

The Franklin doesn't bump itself to pieces nor jolt its passengers. The laminated wood-frame and four full-elliptic springs absorb road-shocks. There are no water-cooling troubles. What water-cooled motor could run a solid week with the automobile standing still in a warm salesroom, as the air-cooled Franklin did at Chicago? What heavy automobile could run from Chicago to New York in less than 40 hours?

You can't drive a heavy, steel-frame, hard-riding automobile at speed safely and comfortably on American roads.

You're sure of comfort and safety  
in a light-weight Franklin.

16 h. p. 4-cylinder Runabout \$1750 | 28 h. p. 4-cylinder Touring-car or Runabout \$2850  
16 h. p. 4-cylinder Touring-car 1850 | 42 h. p. 6-cylinder Touring-car or Runabout 4000

Prices f.o.b. Syracuse

Write for catalogue describing the Franklin.

H H FRANKLIN MFG CO., Syracuse N Y



## AROUND THE WORLD

If you are interested in joining a limited party exclusively first class and "everything the best," you can leave the East in September and visit Honolulu, Japan, China, the Philippines, Burma and India (with or without Egypt, the Nile and the Oriental Lands), via San Francisco, 6 mo. tour, or 8 mo. tour, Westbound.

### The Grand Around the World Eastbound Tour

Leaves Oct. 1; and in addition to other features above named, offers the added attraction of a tour through the interior of Korea, the Yang-tse-Kiang, Peking, and the Great Wall of China, Old Java, Siam and Tonquin.

Write us for Information and Literature Free by Mail.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO., 225 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

## THE TRUNK WITH GUARANTEE

### FOR SUMMER USE

The new P & S "DUST-PROOF" WARDROBE TRUNK satisfies every requirement. When open in room, serves as chiffonier and wardrobe; screens contents completely from dust and observation; carries clothes without wrinkling or musing when traveling; easy to pack and unpack; contents always accessible. P & S Wardrobe Trunks cost but \$25 and up. Catalogue free.

THE J. F. PARKHURST & SON COMPANY  
Factories: 283 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

THE TRUNK WITH GUARANTEE



## Order Your Limousine Body for Fall Now

*It requires ten to twelve weeks to build and finish a Limousine body as WE do it. Send for the catalogue of styles at once so that selection can be made and the order placed in time to have the Limousine ready for the first need in the Fall. We have blue-prints of every car made. You have only to send us the name of make and the model.*

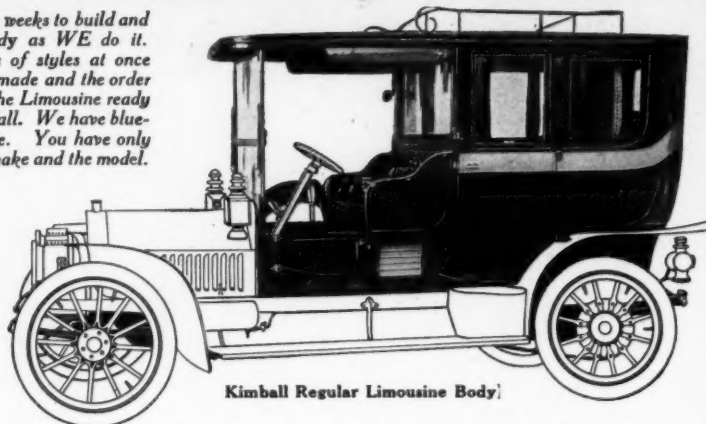
We should take up the building of a limousine body for you now. We build it to your special order.

With the style, trimming and all specifications in hand, we have ten to twelve weeks for the construction and the finish before you need the body. We can thus assure you that it will be ready to go on your car when you need it.

Putting it off means rush work at the shops and delay to you. We are specialists in the building of Fine Automobile Bodies to order.

Trimming in the shades you specify, in the finest imported Bedford Cords and Laces, Leathers or Cloths, and painting in any combination of colors you desire.

The body here illustrated shows a seven-passenger round corner style with recess belt panel. We build many other



Kimball Regular Limousine Body

styles, also many special styles in Landaulet, Open Touring Phaeton, Combination Sheltered Phaeton Runabout and Roadster Bodies, many of which are shown in our catalogue.

We also furnish the Kimball patent quick detachable Folding Foot Rest, Automobile Tops and Covers, and do finest quality of Repairing, Repainting, and store and ship cars to any American or foreign city.

Write for Illustrated Booklet.

**C. P. KIMBALL & CO., 315 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLS.**

### Why He Married

"I REALLY believe you married me simply because I have money," said the heiress, who was as stingy as she was plain.

"No," replied her husband, candidly, "I married you because I thought you'd let me have some of it."  
—Pick-Me-Up.

"YOU know that old saying," began Kwoter, "Take care of the pennies and"—

"And," interrupted Gailey, "the dollars will take care of your heirs."  
—Philadelphia Press.



A MATTER OF FORM

### National Pride

THE AMERICAN GLOBE-TROTTER: Talk about traveling. Why, in America trains go so fast that it takes two people to talk about 'em—one to say "Here she comes," and the other to say, "There she goes."—The Sketch.

"HOW many brothers have you?"  
"Twelve."

"Twelve brothers?"

"Yes; and each one has a sister."

"Great Scott! Twelve sisters?"

"No! Only one!"—Yale Record.

# "Firestone"

## Pneumatic Tires

"The Tires of Sterling Quality"

are the best work of master tire builders.

Made of the finest materials—by the most skillful workmen—under the watchful eye of critical experts—they establish the standard of tire excellency.

Main Office and Factory, Akron, O.  
Branches and Agencies Almost Everywhere.

## Firestone Tire & Rubber Company



### WICO CHARGING DEVICE

## THE BATTERY WITHERBEE

has repeatedly proved to be absolutely superior to every other ignition system. Imperfect ignition will actually impair the working of any gasoline engine. The Witherbee is a perfect ignition system and improves any car on which it is installed. It economizes cost for "up keep." It provides reliable, efficient ignition at all times under any conditions.

## THE WICO PLUG

is the best plug made. Best because it is guaranteed against imperfections—against porcelain breakage by heat. Best because the gap can be set to a KNOWN DISTANCE—to 1-1000 of an inch. You don't have to guess with the WICO. Price \$1.00.

WITHERBEE IGNITER CO.

Makers of the famous Witherbee Battery  
1876 Broadway, NEW YORK  
CHICAGO, 1429 Michigan Avenue  
DETROIT, 220 Jefferson Avenue  
BUFFALO, 720 Main Street  
BALTIMORE OFFICE, 604 Continental Building  
GEORGE F. MOOR CO., Pacific Coast Distributors  
San Francisco, Los Angeles

WICO INSPECTION LAMP





## Alice Finn: A Mermaid

UPON a morning jocular  
The half of one binocular  
Might have observed two sailormen a-strolling by the sea,  
And by their actions dignified,  
In very easy signified  
That one of 'em was Henry Smith, and one of 'em was me.

The day was rather tropical,  
Our talk was rather topical,  
When suddenly upon a rock we saw just what we seen:  
A mermaid quite attractive like  
A-settin' there, inactive like,  
And sort of doin' up 'er hair, which same was long and green.

I made as if to speak to her,  
But what I said was Greek to her;  
For she remained ob-liv-i-ous, a-powderin' 'er nose,  
And with a pair of girley-gews,  
She done her hair in curley-kews,  
And kind o' smiled, as if to say, "I'm pretty, I suppose."

I yelled, "Aho! there!" breezily.  
She turned around quite easily,  
And snapped 'er fingers in the air as perky as could be.  
(The way you talk to foreigners)  
At two lone, lornsome mariners,  
And one of 'em was Henry Smith and one of 'em was me.

Though Henry's face was laffable,  
I doffed my bonnet affable,  
And said: "Though me and Henry Smith has sailed for  
years a score,  
In schooner, junk and tub marine,  
A charming maiden submarine,  
A settin' plain before our eyes, we never seen before."

She looked at first suspiciously,  
And then she spoke deliciously,  
"I've often wished a sailorman me hand and heart to win."  
Says Henry, "Thankee, marm," says 'e,  
Says she, "I meant no harm," says she,  
"For I'm a niece o' Neptune, and me name is Alice Finn."

I speaks without a falter: "Ma'am,  
I've tacked around Gibraltar, ma'am,  
I've navigated rocks and shoals on many ocean tours;  
I've sailed through Spain and Venice, too,  
But never seen a menace to  
The art o' navigation like them handsome eyes o' yours."

Says Hank (his mind's so sordid-like!):  
"I've got some money hoarded-like,  
Full fifteen hundred dollars in the bank o' Greenwich town,  
(Intention matrimonial)  
And in yon housecolonial,  
A mermaid and a mariner might wed and settle down."

Says she, "My fear of losing you  
Makes matters hard in choosing you!"  
Just then above the waves appeared her mother, Mrs. Finn,  
Who said: "Who's them there men, my dear?  
What! flirting there again, my dear?  
Your father's home for luncheon, now—come in, my child,  
come in!"

So Alice, lookin' sweetly up,  
Just tied 'er back hair neatly up,  
Then dove *ker-plunk* into the sea and never spoke at all;  
Just gave a sort o' hop-and-skip,  
And hit the water flop-and-flip,  
Without so much as askin' if we'd drop in for a call!

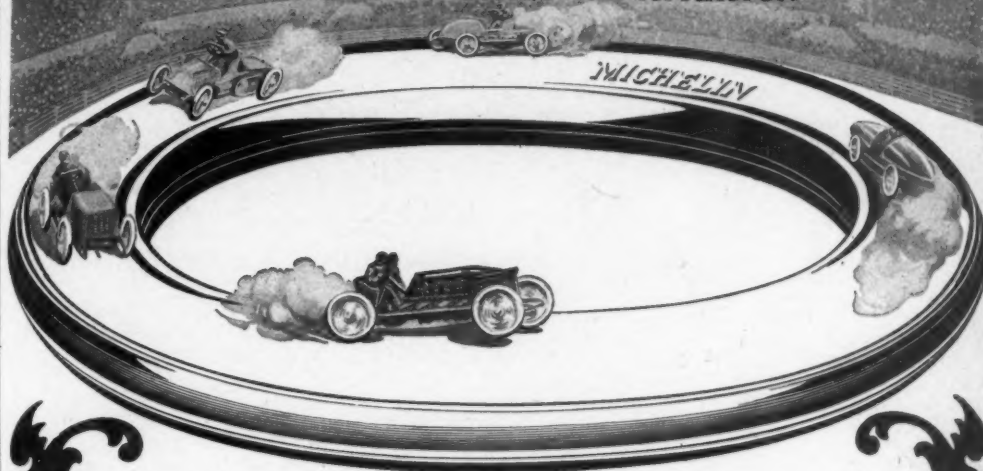
Says Hank, "She tried to divil us!"  
Says I, "Her natur's frivolous!"  
Says Hank, "Her mind is shallow, but 'er home is deep,"  
says 'e.  
And so, as meek as tailor-men,  
Back walked two lonesome sailormen,  
And one of 'em was Henry Smith and one of 'em was me.  
—The Century.

## The Master

TWO shades met and were introduced to each other on the other side of Styx. "Good morning," said one, "I am Cesare Borgia." "Pleased to meet you," said the other, "I used to make rotten fire hose." "Maestro," murmured Borgia, humbly.  
—Evening Post.

# MICHELIN

FRANCE ENGLAND ITALY AMERICA



Motor Racing shows the **VALUE** of a tire. The terrific strain of mile-a-minute speed, around turns, over ruts and obstacles, continued sometimes for hundreds of miles, shows with certainty the **WEARING** power of the tires used. The car that **WINS** is usually enabled to do so by the **ABSENCE** of tire trouble. Michelin Tires have won **ALL** the world famous contests since Motor racing began. Think of it! **ALL!** Recall the important events in this country during the last year—the two twenty-four hour races at Morris Park—the 100 mile race at Ormond, a new World's Record—the 342 mile road race at Savannah—the classic Briarcliff Trophy Race—**ALL** Michelin victories—**ALL** made possible by Michelin endurance—tires not touched from start to finish throughout.

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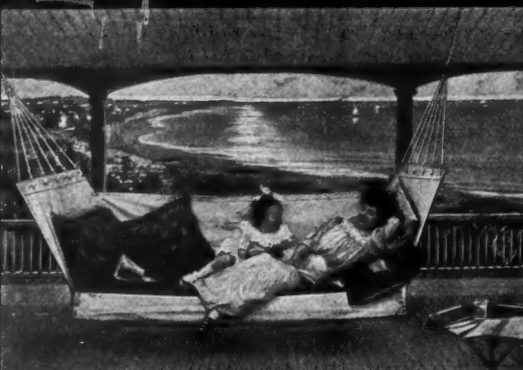
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**Important to see that it is Abbott's.**

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CONCLUSION

"WHERE am I?" As Claude feebly uttered these words he looked up at the face of an old-fashioned clock. Owing to the hard times, the clock had laid off one of its hands.

Claude was reclining on a lot of soft sofa pillows, and all about the room stood Castilian furniture, the kind usually found in the wealthy Spanish homes.

Claude's inspection of the place was suddenly interrupted by the tread of tiny feet.

"Are you longing for anything, sir?" asked a sweet feminine voice.

"Yes," gasped the injured young man, "I am longing to know how I got here."

"I'll tell you," responded the pretty woman, seating herself on a costly tiger rug beside Claude.

"Day after day from my latticed window I have watched you laying bricks on yonder skyscraper. Strange as it may seem, my heart went out to you; I became infatuated with you. Perhaps my loneliness helped, for, you know, my husband is a coffee salesman and hies himself to our coffee plantation eight months out of every twelve. But he has been away so long now that I fear he will never return. Yesterday, at the thought of this and in a fit of despondency, I wanted to throw my weak form to the cold pavement below; but, on reaching the window, I caught a glimpse of you. My horrible intention was arrested. Upon realizing that I had committed near-suicide, I let out a hysterical shriek. The shriek startled you. I saw you step back suddenly into a tub of mortar. In endeavoring to extricate yourself, you made a fatal misstep and went down, down, down through the forty short stories, as a magazine reader would say. On seeing this, I lost no time. Changing my clothes and putting on all my rings, hat and furs, I rushed down to the street just in time to—"

"See my mangled form lying on the architect's blue-print on the ground floor," interposed Claude.

"No; but just in time to place where I thought you would fall this—my powder puff. It saved your life."

"How can I thank you?" began the rescued man. "Perhaps if I am allowed to remain here"—

"No, no, no," almost shrieked the woman, "it is impossible. My husband is of a frightfully jealous disposition. He once threatened to kill a doctor for looking at my tongue. I am certain he would kill us instantly should he enter and find that I am sheltering you, a stranger."

"For our safety, then, I will stagger away. But I beg of you, permit me to take with me just one little token of your kindness; something that I can remember you by."

"But what can I, the wife of a poor millionaire, give you?"

"A kiss!" Claude whispered these two words nervously, anxiously.

"You forget! I told you my husband is liable to return and kill us both"—

"But, my dear, he is thousands of miles from here."

There was a few moments of deathlike silence. Then, after looking cautiously all about her, the sweet little woman bent over Claude, and her lips were just touching his when the door flew open, and there, eyes filled with jealous rage and fingers twitching murderously, stood—Claude's wife!

THE END.

Now, honestly, didn't you think it was the woman's husband?—*Harper's Weekly*.

"WHAT is love?" "Love is war; for further particulars see Sherman."—*Harvard Law-pon.*



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Hen: SHE IS A COLONIAL DAME DESCENDED FROM THE ORIGINAL PLYMOUTH ROCK.

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# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

## Bulletin.

### THE SUMMER VACATION GUIDE

The summer vacation is the bright spot in the dull routine of the year's work. It breaks the monotony of the daily round, and cheers and invigorates for the strenuous life ahead.

America abounds with delightful summer resorts in valley, on mountain, and beside the sea. The Atlantic coast line from Labrador to Cape Hatteras contains the greatest number of resorts devoted entirely to the pursuit of pleasure and health in the world.

One may purchase from Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agents, excursion tickets to over eight hundred of these resorts, covering all the desirable places, from the rock-bound bays of Newfoundland to the gentle, sandy slopes of the Virginia beaches; from the White Mountains of New Hampshire to the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee; in the wilds of Canada, along the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes.

The famous seacoast resorts of New Jersey—Atlantic City, Cape May, Wildwood, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Asbury Park, Long Branch, Spring Lake, Seaside Park, Beach Haven and others, so well known that description is superfluous—are among the most popular and the most easily accessible resorts in the country.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Book, to be obtained of Ticket Agents at ten cents a copy, or of the General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, by mail postpaid for 25 cents, describes them all and gives the rates and stop-over privileges allowed on tickets.

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## YELLOWSTONE PARK

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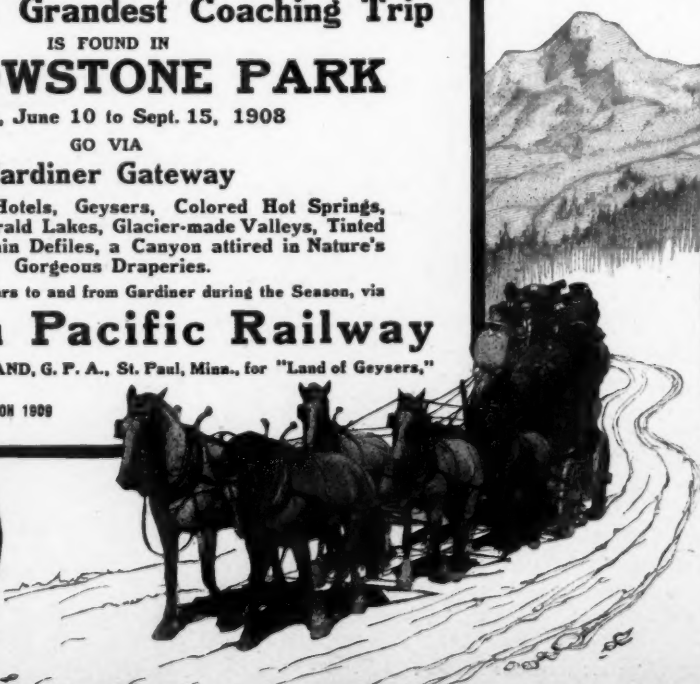
Large Modern Hotels, Geysers, Colored Hot Springs, Lava Cliffs, Emerald Lakes, Glacier-made Valleys, Tinted Terraces, Mountain Defiles, a Canyon attired in Nature's Gorgeous Draperies.

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Write to A. M. CLELAND, G. F. A., St. Paul, Minn., for "Land of Geysers," other information, etc.

ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION 1909



## LIFE'S Marriage Contest

### Men

No. 1

It's "eeny, meeny, mony, mine,"  
Toward speculation I incline,  
O'er coffee cup, it needs must be  
A lively wit who'll outwit me.

No. 3

You're honorable, that's true I know,  
You've tasted "weal," you've suffered "woe,"  
Your million, too, makes me incline  
To ask you, may I call you mine?

No. 1

A lively wit can often lessen woe,  
Bold action many a maiden's heart has led,  
And then, those absences from home—I know  
It is the coffee merchant I would wed.

No. 5

Though sporting you incline to be,  
To travel I incline,  
Your income matters not to me;  
For we can live on mine.

No. 3

Now 'tis purely inferential (also strictly confidential), but to  
wealth, that great essential, I incline,  
So the millionaire I'm wooing with a view to his undoing when  
the gold I am pursuing shall be mine;  
There's another great essential (also purely inferential), 'twould  
extremely providential prove to me  
If, to make me more contented, he reluctantly consented that  
among the late lamented he would be.

No. 4

Should this Byron understudy to married life incline,  
I'll undertake to tattle his muse and make it march with mine.  
Though a hundred kinds of martyrs a poet's wife may be,  
No cheap insurance agent could a martyr make of me.

No. 1

The lively wit has charms for me,  
I, too, to travel much incline;  
If his "the wandering foot" may be,  
Why shall it not be also mine?

No. 5

Your temperament is not like mine,  
And so it pleases me,  
Your very needs make me incline  
Your guiding wife to be.

No. 3

When I choose, a side kick for me,  
None of these guys, I'm sure it won't be,  
Fer fancy faults, I don't incline—  
It's de guy wit a great big heart fer mine.

### Women

No. 3

Ah, widow fair, if you incline  
To be a wife, and that one mine,  
Your income will suffice, I know,  
To keep both you and me from woe.

No. 3

The widow's mite appeals to me;  
With much caressing I could be  
A true economist, you know,  
And spare her income needless woe.

No. 4

Life at its best's a jest—no cinch for me;  
Life, with this actress blest, the real thing would be.  
Life at its very worst I long to know.  
Life bids me take my choice. Here goes for woe.

No. 3

'Tis always married well that I must be,  
To gentle hearts and dowries I incline;  
Dear lady, 'twere economy for me  
And you, to purchase love as cheap as mine.

No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5

One, Two and Three seem good to me,  
To Four my thoughts incline;  
The Five I would my bride might be;  
I wish they were all mine.

No. 3

The gentle loving widow is the one I'd surely wed;  
In fact, she looks so good to me, I'd not have to be led;  
For when once we were married, my whole aim in life would be  
To see that that twelve thousand went from her to me.

No. 3

In choosing Number Three to wed  
I'm not miss-taken or miss-led;  
A gentle widow—rich—would be  
An annual source of hope to me.

o o o o o

Shall I for fifty dollars wed  
A girl by whom I'd hate to be  
Like lamb unto the slaughter led?  
Dear Life, no, not for me!



### Ready to Open an Account

"PLEASE write your name on that line," said the bank teller, pushing a book and a pen toward the old woman.

"Do yez want me to sign me first name?" she asked, as she took the pen.

"Yes, your full name and middle initial, if you have any."

"Do yez want me husband's name?"

"Yes, his last name, but your own first name."

"Oh, me name befure I was married?"

"No, your given name—Ellen, or Bridget?"

"Sure, but me name is naythur wan o' thim!"

"Well, what is it, then?"

"Sure, it's Mary."

"Very well. There are others waiting in the line, so please hurry and write your name."

"Wan minute. Do yez want the 'Mrs.'?"

"No, never mind that. Now, go ahead."

"Sure, I'd do that, honest, I would; but, you see, sor, I can't write!"—*Success*.

### Rough on the Rustic

**RUSTIC** (to conductor): Which end of the car do I get off?

**CONDUCTOR** (politely): Whichever end you prefer; both ends stop.—*Montreal Star*.

**FREDERICK THE GREAT**, who, although a crank, was, in many respects, a hard-headed old gentleman, had no very high opinion of the doctors of his day. In his last illness he was attended by the celebrated Dr. Zimmerman, of Hanover. One day the king said to him:

"You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world."

This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor, but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery.

"Not so many as your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

This reply of Zimmerman was in a line with that of Colman, who says that "the doctors and the military both deal in death."—*Wasp*.

### Optimistic to the End

**SOME** time ago there was a flood in western Pennsylvania. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of the house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John."

"Hello, Dave."

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple trees gone?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin', anyhow."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

### The Child Father to the Man

**THOSE** persons who think they see in Mr. Roosevelt an alarming disposition to regulate other people's affairs will be interested to learn how early this tendency was manifested.

When Theodore was quite a little boy, his father told him that he was going on a long journey and admonished young Ted to be a good boy and take good care of his mother. That night, in his prayers, the lad asked the Almighty to watch over his father, who was traveling far from home, and to help him be a good boy. Then he added:

"As for mother, I will look after her myself."—*Success*.

### In Pittsburgh

**CLEANLINESS** is not next to godliness; it's next to impossible.—*The News*.

You Will Enjoy

# JAPAN

It's so different—so unlike America, the strong contrast makes it interesting. The odd customs, the beautiful parks and flower festivals, the quaint shops and theatres, and the centuries-old Shrines and Temples charm and delight the tourist. Plan to go on the famous

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"VIYELLA" can be obtained at the leading Dry  
Goods Stores and Men's Furnishers

**DOES NOT SHRINK**

# LIFE



THE RIGHT OF WAY

## The Lady and the Choice

"JUST name the place, darling!" The young husband, throwing down a package of time-tables, gazed fondly at his youthful bride. They had been married but six short months and the trousseau was still doing good work.

"Yes," he continued, "wherever you desire to go on a vacation will suit me—north, south, east or west, sea or mountain?"

"Do you really mean it?" she asked. "Indeed I do."

"You do not wish to be consulted?"

"I wish only for your happiness."

"And I can go anywhere I want?"

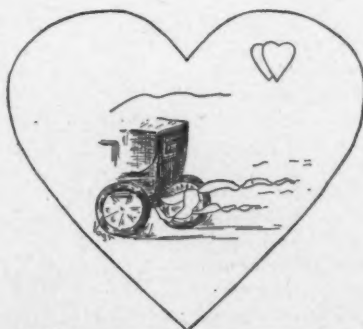
"Anywhere."

Bursting into tears, she buried her face in her hands.

"Alas!" she murmured, "that it is in

your power to thwart me so. Why don't you select the place?"

"Thwart you! Me select the place? I do not understand!" he exclaimed,



A LEAF FROM THE CABBIES' CALENDAR

astonished. "Dearest, am I not yielding to you in every way?"

"Yes, that's just it," she moaned. "Ah! if you only would be determined to go somewhere, so that I could make you go somewhere else. What's the use of being married under these circumstances?"

"But don't you"—he asked, wonderingly—for he was as yet very young, "want to go where—you want to go?"

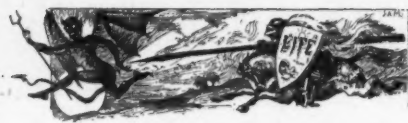
And she replied, haughtily, "No!"

## The Reason

"HOW did the Hon. Thomas Rott manage to be sent back to the legislature?"

"Oh, as he had been a member of that body for two terms, it was generally considered that he was not good for anything else."





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI JUNE 4, 1908 No. 1336

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THE interesting question about coal seems to be whether it will go out of existence before it goes out of fashion, or vice versa. We have faith somehow to believe that it will last as long as is necessary, though it seems likely enough that the world's supply would only

keep us going two or three centuries at the present rate of consumption.

Everything in these times seems impermanent; all our habits, manners, customs, methods, traditions, conclusions, expectations. The Socialists print interesting books to say that private ownership of most things is clean out of date. The Prohibitionists fervently insist that rum is out of date. In France, England and the United States babies seem to be a declining fashion. Governor Hughes feels that horse-race betting is justly obsolescent. The President intimates that the grossly rich are a wart on the face of the body politic. Various persons feel that marriage needs radical readjustments. Mr. Bryan clamors for the initiative and referendum, whatever that is. Flying machines have begun apparently to fly. Messages come from Europe by wireless, and so it goes. Change and difference everywhere abounds, and yet stocks have come up surprisingly and people are pretty cheerful.

We read in the devoted *Sun*:

Mr. Roosevelt hangs like a pall of death over the business initiative and energy of the whole country. Only the irrepressible optimism of American character sustains animation and keeps the machinery of affairs in motion.

It is unnecessary to deny that the prospect of parting with Mr. Roosevelt has

helped to raise the spirits of persons who are, or would like to be, engaged in business, but it is thanks to Mr. Roosevelt that the country has turned a dangerous corner and is now gathering speed for a long run up-grade, instead of having the corner still ahead of it and to be turned. The worst of the storm (to change the metaphor) has passed; the barometer is rising, and the sails, one after another, begin to be set again.

There is no very bad scare ahead. Why? Because Taft is safe and sane, and pretty sure to be the next President? Yes, that is one reason. Taft is safe and sane. Taft is admirable; neither a Roosevelt nor a reactionary, but a strong, kind, wise, laborious giant of a man, judiciously minded, painstaking, courageous; remarkably well constituted and equipped to steer our ship of state through choppy seas, and to help to bring order out of a lot of rather chaotic legislation.



BUT the most important reason why "the irrepressible optimism of American character" is perking up is that the temper of the people has changed. It has changed for good reasons, because the people, having got what they wanted and got it abundantly, now want something else. They wanted reform and various new laws. They got reform and can have more on application. They got plenty of new laws and can have more if they want them, but their disposition now is—as they say in Wall Street—to take their profits. They would like now to let what is already accomplished work out a spell, and meanwhile they would like to make a living again.

That is the main reason why confidence is returning. There is nothing ahead to be scared at, because the temper of the people has become pacific and moderately conservative. If Bryan is nominated he will probably be beaten, but if he should be elected it could work no such injury to credit and confidence as might have resulted from his election twelve years or eight years ago. He is temperamentally unfit to be President; he has not the kind of intellect for the job nor the equipment; but he is no longer the bugaboo that he once was. The

clouds that he might once have drawn thunder from have broken and dissolved. Free silver is dead; rebates are abolished; railroads are in the way to be regulated; the trusts are on their good behavior; the capitalistic Samson has had his hair cut, and no matter who is President the tariff will get no more terrifying or drastic treatment than a Republican Senate will permit. The truth is that, thanks to time and to Roosevelt, Bryan has come to be a blank cartridge. He can still make a noise, and may scare the timid, but he can't hit to kill.



SO LET us watch the mutations of things with a cheerful spirit. The only sure thing that can be prognosticated of a rigid political or social system is that in time it will break. There is great value in flexibility of method; in varying the point of view now and then, giving the under dog an occasional chance to catch his breath, procuring an occasional scattation of the political atoms and an opportunity for them to reassemble in new groups. Even Mr. Hearst's political projects are interesting, especially his present policy of encouraging his associates to flock by themselves, define their wishes and record the backing of them in such a way that it can be counted. Mr. Hearst and his friends seem to have ideas; the chances are that some of them are valuable and, even if they are not realized soon, nor so long as they carry his label, may have their influence on future legislation and future action. So the Socialists—that remarkably mixed and nebulous group—infatuated as they seem in some of their propositions, are undoubtedly an influence which helps to shape the future. They are good at pointing out the faults and defects of the present apparatus of civilization, and though their remedies are appalling and seem to most normal-minded persons a great deal worse than the disease, it is still worth while to have it dinned into us that our social system has diseased spots in it that are in vociferous need of remedies.

Everything is on the way to be bettered when the light is turned on, and this generation is mighty good at turning on light. No great absurdity can flourish long after it is exposed.



WHAT AN EX-PRESIDENT CAN DU WHEN HIS JOB IS THRU



AT LIFE'S FARM  
RALLYING ROUND THE FLAG

### Our Fresh Air Fund

Balance on hand at the close of last season. \$6,298.39  
Less Marion Story Fund..... 5,000.00

\$1,298.39

#### RECEIVED SINCE LAST STATEMENT

C. W. B.....	10.00
In memory of J. D. A.....	5.00
Louis H. Rambo.....	3.00
Margaret Hamlin Taylor.....	4.00
May, Sallie and Helen.....	15.00
C. J. Manly.....	5.00
"Hawaii".....	50.00
Proceeds of Fair given by Willing Workers' Club, of Glen Cove, L. I.....	252.43
Louise Tiffany Frank, <i>President</i> , Joan Fletcher, Constance Fahys, Elizabeth Carrington Frank, Louise Harkness, Ruth Handy, Laura Parsons, Mollie Parsons, Philippa Queen.....	
Karl Philip Doerr and sister.....	10.00
Thos. Smith.....	5.00
Mrs. A. M. Banker.....	35.00
Alexis L. Ehrman.....	100.00
A. W. Pierce.....	5.06
Edward T. Call.....	1.00
F. R. Wickman.....	1.00
A. K. F., Philadelphia.....	100.00
Interest on Marion Story Fund.....	42.68
Joseph Gladstone.....	2.80
J. S. Sammis, Jr.....	5.00
E. M. S.....	25.00
J. Walter Wood, Jr.....	1.00
The "Willing Workers Mission Band," of Saugerties, N. Y.....	40.00
	\$2,016.36

### Echoes of the Nursery

"NOW, baby, dear," cooed nurse Boostvelt, as she handed Baby Waft the nomination bottle, "you must take it."

"Wow, wow. I don't wanna. It's too heavy. You keep it. Wow, wow."

"Please, baby, it's good for you," she gently coaxed; then added with a ferocious smile, "I'm too grown up for it, you know."

Baby Waft suddenly sat up and ceased crying. "Nurse, dear!"

"What!" nurse Boostvelt mildly roared.

"Nurse," solemnly began Baby Waft, placing one chubby finger on his capacious nightshirt and raising the other imperiously as he had seen his nurse do when addressing the Race Propagators' Convention.

Nurse Boostvelt stood rigidly at attention.

"Nurse, dear," and a great light shone in Baby Waft's eyes. "Have the maggots that fly against magistrates and indulge in uncharitable and unprofitable buzzing been securely stifled?"

"Yes, child," modestly replied nurse Boostvelt, as she turned to telephone for the official photographer.

"And the pernicious activity of the Trust bacilli completely checked?"

"Yes, dear," she blushing admitted, tenderly fondling a miniature of E. H. Harriman.

"And all the Anarchistic and Socialistic pests safely suppressed?"

"Yes!" she thundered, reaching for her hip pocket.

Baby Waft leaned back with a blissful smile on his face. "You may go, nurse," he murmured, dreamily. "I'll take the bottle."

Maurice Korshet.

### Extract from a Letter

THIS is part of a letter from another correspondent:

How often do we hear of a vivisector or an editorial writer becoming so enthusiastic in the pursuit of Science that they would so much as stick the blade of a penknife under their own fingernails, while they dictated their conflicting emotions to a stenographer? But if you think they are not interested in advancing the Great Cause, just read their editorials, or watch them stick knives in a cat's eye.

To return to the Editorial-Mind, it doesn't believe in a hell for sinners; neither do the cats and dogs; they come of a newer school of theology and biology—they believe in hell for the innocent. M. H.



"A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING"





A SHORT CIRCUIT

### Smilage

**NERVOUS TRAVELER** (*to seat companion*): How fast should you say you were traveling?

**COMPANION** (*who has been flirting with the girl across the way*): About a smile a minute.

### Take Along a Dog

**WHEN** going on a journey, always take a dog along.

In the selection of a canine traveling companion, one to soothe our lonesome moments, to guard us when we sleep and to be with us as we tramp through the over-worked art gallery, there is great variety—from the dignified, stately little Persian hairless toy dog, weighing from two ounces to two ounces and a half, up to the ever-playful Great Dane, the delight of headwaiters and pursers.

In general, it is better to select a medium-sized dog, with a short-hair temperament. Have your name and address embossed on his back in bold letters. Also have his name and address put on you so the dog can identify you when necessary.

Traveling with a dog lifts one up at once above dull routine. Also, it adds to one's nerve. If you can smuggle him into a hotel room without detection, it fills you with a personal sense of triumph. If you can hide him in a parlor car unbeknown to the conductor, you immediately transform travel into an adventure.

Or else to feel, as you glide through beautiful stretches of scenery, or view vast mountain ranges, that there is in the baggage car

ahead a kindred spirit howling out his enthusiasm above the roar of the train—one who will never desert you—surely this adds to life's joys immeasurably.

### A Long-Expected Ceremony

**THE** coronation of Emperor Rockefeller took place yesterday. Everybody of consequence was present.

W. T. Jerome and Paul Morton led his train as he walked up the aisle. The Bishop of Chicago performed the operation.

In honor of the event, Andrew Carnegie was canonized. His halo, made in Pittsburg, will hereafter be worn on state occasions.

After the ceremony Emperor Rockefeller retired to his Palace at Pontico. It is understood that he will rule mostly from there.

Skimmed milk was distributed to the unemployed in honor of the event. The Standard Oil Company has also raised its dividend.

The President of the United States, the editors of the principal papers and the leading metropolitan clergymen waited until after the crowd dispersed, when they could kiss Emperor R.'s feet undisturbed by too many plaudits.

### Those Idle Cars

**THOSE** 413,000 idle freight cars that we hear so much of! Cannot something be done about them? Used, as they are, to scare the timid, they are retarding prosperity, injuring business and disturbing the sleep of deserving persons who are deeply concerned to have all wheels start turning again. The fear of Roosevelt is subsiding because, at last, even the stupidest people begin to think he is going out. The fear of Taft has never been acute, and nobody is really much afraid this year of Brother Bryan. The scariest thing anywhere about is the spook of the 413,000 idle freight cars.

Get alive, Business, and take courage about those cars. They are not eating their heads off, neither are they starving, neither have they gone home to Italy and carried their earnings with them. They are just where you want them, resting on the sidings, ready for you to fill them up and send them humming.

Get a move on those cars. You will need them all again before snow time. But, meanwhile, they should give you confidence instead of scaring you. They are assets, not threats. If you did not have them and could not expand for the lack of them, that, indeed, would be real trouble. But as it is they are no menace, no real warning, but a reassurance and an invitation.

### One Awful Thing After Another

**SCANDALS** pile in on Indiana. The other day, it was Mr. Fairbanks's flirtation with the cocktail, and now it is the amazing dealings of the Widow Gunness with her suitors. The good name of the Hoosier State cannot but suffer from these repeated shocks.



IT IS RUMORED THAT INDIANA IS "SOLID" FOR FAIRBANKS.

## Concerning an Argument

## TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir: In your issue of April 30, 1908, in answer to a letter from me concerning an article in a previous number on vivisection, you state that your "correspondent is probably right" and ask "how does that affect the main argument?"

The insertion of the word *probably* in the first sentence seems to imply one of two alternatives. First, that you have assured yourself of the correctness of your correspondent's statements and have used the word to mollify the confession of your error, or, second, that you have not taken the trouble to inquire into the truth of the matter.

Unless your main argument is supported (which seems doubtful) by more carefully substantiated facts than the article under discussion, it must be quite evident that the argument is affected.

Your utterances on this subject reach a great number of readers who are not in a position to affirm or refute the facts for themselves and who, having faith in your sincerity, accept them as trustworthy. Are you keeping faith with your readers if you fail to fully investigate the subjects of your tirades?

In the same issue (April 30) appears in your editorial columns the following: "To be careless of accuracy is a great fault, and consciously to misstate the facts is rascality. Newspapers that encourage that sort of enterprise become schools of liars and are enemies of truth and of the public." If that is true of a newspaper in publishing news which often must be in print before time can be taken for substantiation of the facts, is it not even more true of the publication of an article, designed to influence public opinion, which would lose none of its savor (except in so far as its statements might be modified or disproved) by being withheld until investigation could be made? Yours truly,

SAMUEL T. ORTON, A.M., M.D.

ANACONDA, MONT., May 9, 1908.

We used the word "probably," as we supposed our correspondent was probably correct in his statement. We have not endeavored to verify or disprove it, as we believe it does not affect the main argument—that if animals were completely anesthetized for vivisection and suffered no pain, these elaborate devices for keeping them immovable would be unnecessary.

## TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

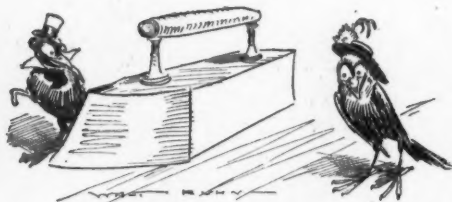
Please allow me to thank you with all my heart for every word you say against the modern Inquisition, the Peculiar Institution of Vivisection. Especially, I wish to thank you for your recent remarks upon sentiment—that quality which, as you point out, often causes a man to support his mother, even after she is too old to earn, as we say in New England, her keep. Vivisection is the foe of all such unprofitable sentiment.

If creatures, as far superior to us as we to animals, descended among and began to vivisect us, we should perhaps remember that the same Person who called our attention to the two cheap sparrows also declared:

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Very truly yours, with deep respect,

S. N. CLEGHORN.

Manchester, Vermont, May 10.



"THERE'S THAT DISGUSTING OLD MR. MASHER, WHO'S ALWAYS HANGING AROUND THE FLATIRON!"



## CAUTION

"YOU—HANK HICKS—YE'RE ALWAYS BLOWIN' 'BAOUT HOW MUCH YE KIN DRINK. I'LL JEST BET YE TEN CENTS I'VE DRANK MORE LIKKER IN MY LIFE 'N WHAT YOU HAVE."

"YE'RE FOUR DAYS OLDER."

## Forbidden Fruit

FORBIDDEN fruit first became fashionable in the garden of Eden. Some think it was a pomegranate, others an apple. It was probably the latter. But Adam thought it was a peach.

Forbidden fruit has one advantage over all others. It is always in season.

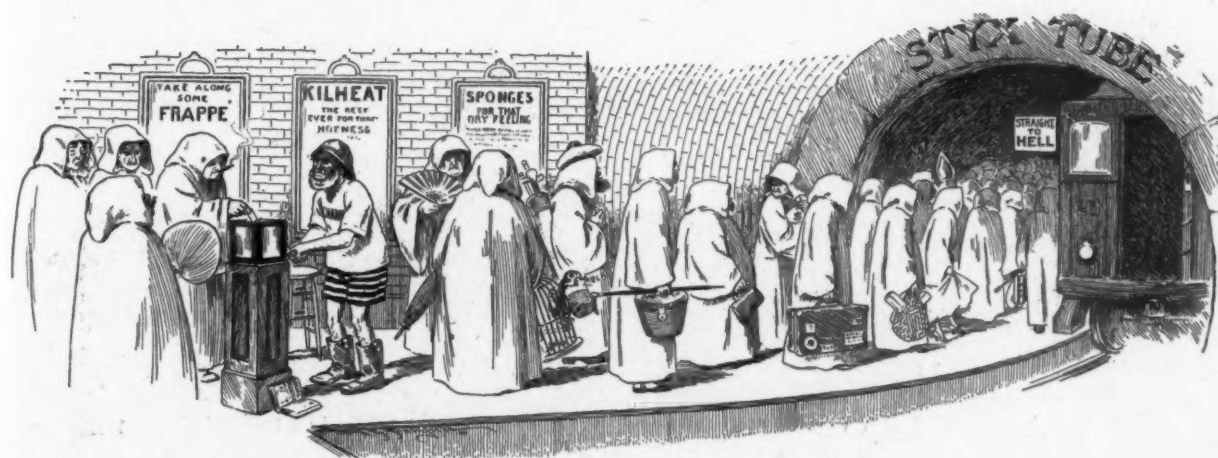
It is used quite extensively in all large

cities and is also seen at Newport, Bar Harbor and Narragansett Pier. It is very pleasant to the taste, but grows bitter toward the end. Grafted, however, with more staple varieties, it is much more lasting and loses much of its bitterness.

Although very expensive, forbidden fruit is considered a necessity with the best people.



"IN THE ADVERSITY OF OUR BEST FRIENDS WE OFTENTIMES FIND SOMETHING WHICH DOES NOT DISPLEASE US"



THE NEW WAY





"GEE WHIZ, GRANDMA, YOU MAKE A DANDY SHOCK ABSORBER!"

### A Question of Values

**I**N THE show window of a well-known furrier on West Thirty-fourth Street there were recently displayed the beautiful skins of about fifteen hundred little ermine. They are pure white, with the exception of the characteristic black spot at the tip of the tail. They make an imposing display, which arrests the attention of the many shopping women who pass through that fashionable thoroughfare.

The way in which these pretty little animals are caught is ingenious. They are about the size of a small squirrel and are found in the snowy expanses of the sub-arctic regions. The hunter of ermine provides himself with a number of knife-blades or pieces of steel, which he covers with grease and fastens in places where he suspects the ermine are to be found.

The little animals are attracted by the grease and attempt to lick it off the knife blades. The ermine's warm tongue becomes fastened to the cold steel, and he is held there to be killed by the hunter

or to die of starvation if the hunter fails to return within a week or so.

The ermine may not be a very useful animal in the plan of nature, but when one sees so many of his pelts in one collection and thinks what they represent in the way of suffering, it suggests a problem. Considering the brain-power and the general usefulness and value of the kind of women one usually sees wearing ermine, is this decoration they affect quite worth what it entails in the way of cruelty? Of course, the egrets and other birds one sees are more beautiful on women's hats than flying in the air or singing among the trees, but the main problem is whether the results secured in the decoration of pin-headed women are in proportion to what they cost other members of the animal kingdom?



### A New Era

**S**YMPATHY for the trusts has not been the order of the day, but it would seem, now that Kentucky is reported as going over to the Prohibitionists, as if a few tears should be shed for the Whisky Trust.

Time was when gentlemen thought nothing of finishing up a couple of bottles at each meal; of falling under the table, and of being carried home, "stark and limp."

That was the period before the trusts. Now, just when trusts are in their heyday, it seems too bad that what might easily have been the greatest one of them all should have to take a back seat just because of a lack of public interest.

Maybe the time is upon us—fell hour!—when the Whisky Trust will have to beg its way from door to door, and finally end its days in the poorhouse.

Public speakers, in presenting their toasts, now raise sparkling glasses of ginger ale, or drink, in freshly made vichy, the health of the distinguished guest; who

responds touchingly with a bumper of lemon pop.

The decay of drunkenness seems to be upon us. Reporters have found that they could avoid telling the truth just as well—if not better—when they are sober as when they are drunk; so they have become more or less temperance cranks. Bishops have given up their sherry and bitters; lawyers, as in the time of Dickens, no longer sit up all night with a bottle of whisky at their elbows and their heads bandaged with cold compresses. They find it is easier to get most of the estate by non-alcoholic measures, and with a great deal more fun.

This is the age of the siphon. Snake charmers are going out.

### Pique?

**MISS BROADWAY:** They say he married her because of her figure.

**MR. MADISON:** Well, that was quite natural.

"Oh, no. Indeed, it wasn't."



MARINE STUDY  
LEFT BY THE TIED

### A Confession

PERHAPS it's just affinity,  
Perhaps it's something higher,  
But I for one am free to say  
I dearly love a Liar.

I love the Liar who declares  
He buys my books by dozens  
And sends them off as Xmas gifts  
To all his country cousins.

I love the Liar who remarks:  
"We missed you at the meeting;  
No voice like yours to give a toast  
Or speak the speech of greeting."

I love the Liar when he swears  
He knows a pretty woman  
Who wants to meet me very much,  
"My pictures look so human."

I love my food, I love my drink,  
I love my open fire,  
But more than all I dearly love  
A dash binged blooming LIAR!  
*Herman Knickerbocker Viele.*

### The First International Aerocar Race

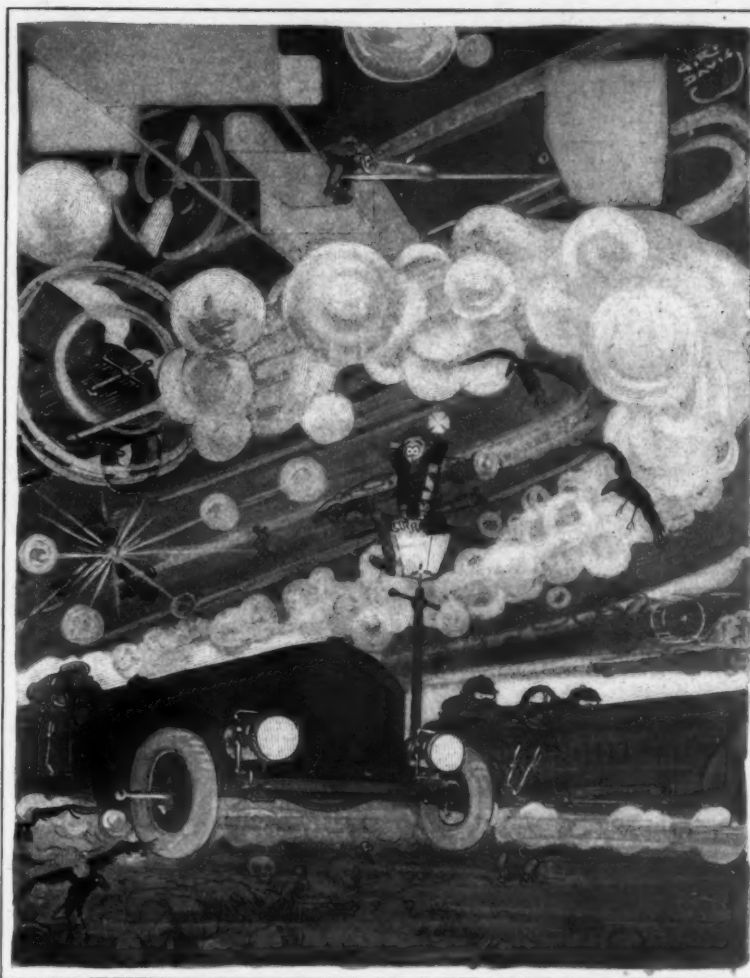
(From the New York Sun, Moon, Star,  
Comet, Sept. 22, 1964.)

See center page cartoon.

THE first International Aerocar race, run yesterday over the Washington-Chicago-New York course, was won by Upuppi,



WONDERS OF AMERICAN SCENERY  
THE HORSESHOE FALLS



A. D. 1950—THE LAST SURVIVING PEDESTRIAN

the driver of the Italian Boozac ether car, in five hours twenty-two minutes eighteen seconds. This was fast, considering the poor weather conditions which prevailed in some of the States.

The event was unusually free from accidents, not more than thirty fatalities resulting. Amos Green, the American, who was picked by many to be a sure winner, suffered from a series of mishaps which drove him from the contest early in the day. While passing over Philadelphia his stock of ether was absorbed by the atmosphere of that city and twenty minutes were lost in procuring a new supply. After puncturing a wing while making the Washington Monument turn, he was forced to retire.

Alphonse Pompom, the driver of the French car, collided with the rainmaking

machine of an author-farmer, while passing over Indiana. The farmer was up making his weekly rain and claims that he was not on the course, but was, in fact, almost two miles below it when the collision occurred. Both machines were badly wrecked, but no injuries were received by the occupants.

See-How-Hi, the only Chinese contestant, who arrived too late to make a trial trip over the course, mistook the distant city of Pittsburgh for a volcano in eruption and descended in Canada. He was disqualified.

The races attracted considerable attention and were well attended. Some of the drivers complained of the crowded condition of the course, but it was only at the Masonic Temple turn at Chicago, where the police reserves had to be called upon.

H. G. D.

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HARRY  
GRANT  
DART.

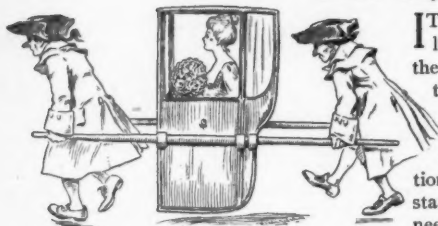
THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL AERONAUTICAL CONGRESS  
(See newspaper accounts of the congress)





INTERNATIONAL AEROCAR RACE  
(from newspaper accompanying page)

## In the Way



IT IS rather a surprise to learn, on the authority of the English *Saturday Review*, that the Right Hon. John Burns, labor leader and champion of the poor, advocates the legal restriction of woman's work, and stands ready to drive it, if need be, from the field. The *Review* agrees with him, albeit somewhat tepidly; and points out in the clearest possible manner that the employment of women in work which men are able and willing to do is a "social inconvenience" to the men; lowering the standard of wages, lessening the number of situations and tending to the production of cheap and useless articles. Above all, domesticity and wage-earning do not walk hand in hand. The *Review*, in the kindest way, wishes that women "were back again at home with their fathers, or their husbands and children."

This last sentence would move a juror's heart. There is such a firelight glow upon it, and such a pleasant assumption that fathers, husbands, babies and hearthstones lie waiting everywhere. The woman's reasonable desire to be fed, clothed and sheltered, and her reasonable conviction that she ought to be allowed to provide food, clothes and shelter for herself, rather than go without, are points which the *Saturday Review* does not pause to consider. Of course, her battling for these things is a social inconvenience to the men who are battling for them, too. The only way to prevent superfluous women from inconveniencing men is to drown them at birth. A flabby sentimentalism forbids this straightforward method of dealing with the difficulty; but it would be far more humane than driving them from work because they interfere with their betters.

Above all, there is a touching sweetness in the assertion that Englishwomen have ever been "the favorites of the law," which assumes that they are unable to

look after themselves, and which seeks to protect and restrict them for their own ultimate good. It is this favoritism which the suffragettes are at present so actively and ungratefully rejecting. Their methods are not lovely, their words carry no conviction to our souls; yet who can blame them when they say they don't want to be cosseted any longer? It is poor fun being "teacher's pet," and sitting, peaked and dwindling, in the shadows. They would rather go out and play with the boys, even if they are in the way.

Agnes Repplier.



"WELL, WELL; JUST FANCY OUR MEETING HERE!"

"IT CERTAINLY IS A SMALL WORLD, ISN'T IT?"

YOU can lead an ass to Wall Street, but you cannot make him think.



THE DAY SHE SAILS

## Night

WITH as much truth as felicity, doubtless, Milton speaks of "the reign of chaos and old night." But that was long ago. Since then chaos has much declined in importance until now, only for the condition of the Democratic party, it would scarcely be known.

Night, on the other hand, has steadily grown more influential and popular, to the end that in our time its *raison d'être* are both many and vital. To mention only the chief of these:

The richest women frequently look best by night.

Nothing, perhaps, is so satisfactorily turned into day, where one has a notion to be a good fellow.

It is the prior fact to nighties, as is shown by the testimony of travelers, who assure us that in the land of the midnight sun, where there is no night, the nightie is unknown except as it has been brought in by missionaries.

Night is night, wherever you find it. The fact that One Thousand and One Arabian Nights are no more, in effect, than Ten Nights in a Barroom with us, is nothing to the contrary. We simply live that much faster than the Arabs. Ramsey Benson.

## An Impertinence

"WHAT has become of the new play by that Englishwoman?"

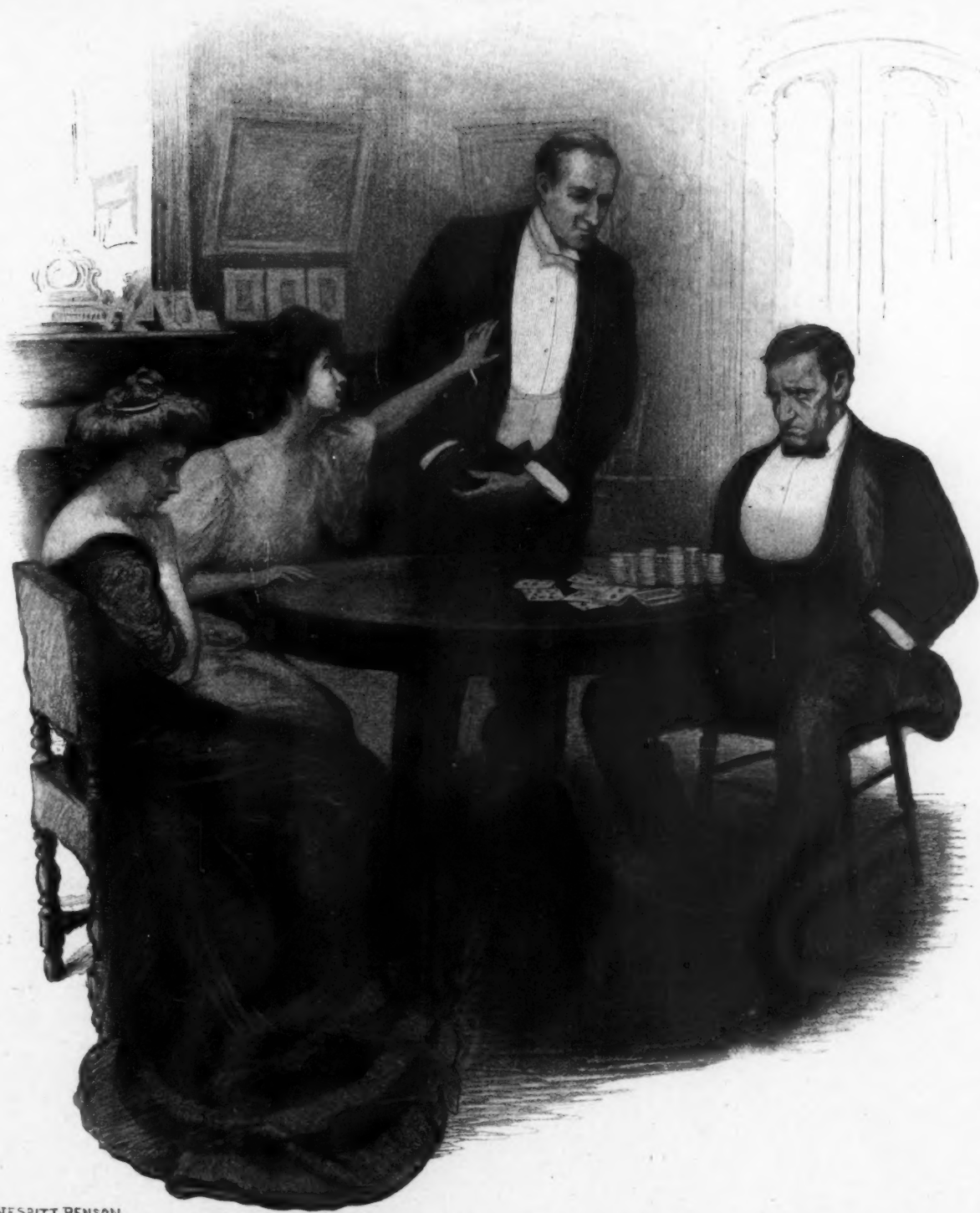
"I believe it isn't to be produced, after all."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, she is pretty high spirited. The theatre managers demanded to see the text of the play before accepting it and she thought this was an invasion of her rights. Why, she wouldn't even let them see the obscenarior."

"HE IS a man of great imagination, isn't he?"

"I should say so! He has been keeping the books of a mining corporation."



NESBITT BENSON

*John's Wife:* OH, NO! JOHN WOULDN'T THINK OF TAKING IT. HE NEVER PLAYS FOR MONEY



## The Honeymoon

**IT SEEMS** strange, considering all the honeymoon experts there are, that no one has yet volunteered to give a few simple directions as to the manner in which a honeymoon should be conducted. Let us do this at once, in order that all those going on honeymoons may reap the benefit.

After securing what in your opinion is a desirable person to take on a honeymoon, go at once to your bank and make as large a loan as possible. Remember, there are two kinds of loans—call and time.

A call loan is one which is likely to be called when you least expect it. Avoid, therefore, any appearance of a call loan on your honeymoon. When you are sitting with your loved one under Niagara Falls, holding hands under your rubber overcoats and having your throats sprayed while you gaze through the fog at trusty eyes upturned to your own, it is extremely annoying to have a bank messenger tap you on the shoulder and tell you that all is over. Make a time loan, therefore, and make it as long as possible. Have it cover not only the period of your honeymoon, but the rest of your married life as well. This will save you the trouble of renewing it from time to time.

The next point to consider is the place, or places, you will visit on your honeymoon, and should be arranged in the following manner: Make out a list of all the possible places to visit. Do this alone, unaided and in secret. For this is an important matter, and your judgment needs to be clear. When you have finally selected the exact spot to visit, break the news to your companion and arrange at once to go to the place selected by her family and herself, at the same time doubling the amount of your loan.

Rapidly but unostentatiously leaving the hired hack at the railroad station and shaking the rice out of your clothes, you should at once conduct your bride to her seat in the parlor car in full view of all the passengers.

You will then begin at once to pass her water from the tank in front.

Every bridegroom passes his loved one a glass of water from the tank at least every fifteen minutes during the first round.

Do not smoke for the first week. No man can do his best work with a cigar in his mouth. Besides, it is a waste of good tobacco.

Arriving at the hotel you have corresponded with, take the clerk aside confidentially and tell him your secret. He will appear surprised and embarrassed, but do not let this disconcert you. Ask him frankly for the bridal suite. When he informs you that this has already been arranged for, do not reproach him with deceit. Remember that he has only done this to spare your feelings.

Adopt a frank, hearty, bluff manner toward your bride in the presence of others. Always bear in mind that you did not originate the honeymoon idea, and that no blame for your actions should be attached to you. This thought should sustain you at all times. Hold her hand freely, call her the usual names, and in general act as if you didn't realize that you couldn't get away from her in a lifetime.

No matter where you go, always buy your return tickets. This will insure your getting back home without cabling your father-in-law.

To cable your father-in-law on your honeymoon is extremely bad form. It may handicap you later, when you really need the money.

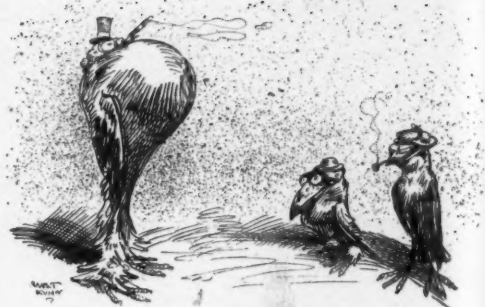
## Noise

**NOISE**, at first cultivated in this land by the Indians, has reached its climax in the college yell. It is used at political conventions, at christenings and at women's clubs.

No monument was necessary for the man who first invented noise. His work lives after him.

Noise is used by cities, which have the first call for it. They split it up into as many sounds as possible and divide it among all.

Noise varies in its volume and intensity, from embryonic and immature sawmill to a baby crying in the night.



"ISN'T HE THE PUFFED-UP THING?"  
"YES, ALL HIS FAMILY ARE THAT WAY."

## How to Make an Excursion Boat

**GET** a pot of paint, some pine boards and an abandoned engine. Also a keg of spikes and two smokestacks large enough to hold a red emblem.

Put your boat together very carefully, seeing that all the pieces fit onto the keel. After it is all ready shake it lightly to see it doesn't fall apart. Then place it gracefully on the surface of the bay.

It is quite possible that it may leak at first. If so, fill the cracks with laundry soap.

Now for the fittings. Put a couple of cheval glasses in your cabin and a toothbrush attached to a chain in the wash-room. Buy at auction some life-preserver coats and fill them with breakfast foods. In case of accidents you are thus providing the passengers with nourishment.

After you have selected your captain and crew, secure permission from the proper authorities to run the boat loaded to the guards with women and children. This can easily be done—provided you have the necessary cash.

**MOTTO** for a distillery: It's never too late to blend.



FROM POLE TO POLE

In Their Earlier Years



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT IN 1882

A National Pest



IT IS getting to be a serious question as to what we shall do with our millionaires. Most of them are allowed to roam at large, causing much annoyance to quiet and peaceful citizens. They are either marrying chorus girls, giving away useless money, writing books, running over people, or in many other ways making nuisances of themselves.

There are several things that might be done with them. Suitable sanatoria might be established for them where the food is so poor, the hygienic surroundings so bad, and the prices so high that they would naturally die off in considerable numbers.

They might be employed upon our railroads, mending ties, replacing broken rails and improving roadbed.

They could be impressed into the army. Having independent means of their own, they need not necessarily be half starved, as our present army officers are.

Armed bands of millionaires might be successfully employed to protect our forests. This would help to keep them out of mischief.

Perhaps it might be well to have a Government commission appointed to look into their condition, affairs, etc., and make an exhaustive report as to the best method of disposing of them. It is almost three weeks since a Government commission has been appointed to report on anything, and it is high time that some more of the people's money be spent in this direction.

Perhaps the worst feature about the millionaire is that he has no means of useful employment, and not having any ambition, he makes no effort to better his condition. He is almost invariably shiftless, loose in his habits, and undesirable from every standpoint. He is also a large consumer, without giving anything in return.

There are great patches of the United States which show the effect of this deadly blight.

If any one can, therefore, invent a suitable spray to use against the millionaire, it will be much appreciated. Otherwise our crop of common people is likely to be seriously crippled.



MR. KYRLE BELLEW IN THE SEVENTIES

## An Unbroken Engagement

THERE was a small group of men at the club, sitting around and talking about life in general. It was that solemn interval just before dinner. The question turned on whether money constituted happiness.

"Money," said the Major, "is necessary, no doubt. You know what Doctor Johnson said about it."

Every one pretended they knew, by solemn nods.

"At the same time, too much of it is a nuisance. And it's worse than a nuisance," he added, "when you have not come by it honestly."

"It's getting to be so now," broke in Stone, "that it isn't even safe to come by your money dishonestly. Why, you're liable to be put into jail for it. And even if you don't get into jail, people look at you as if you had done something reprehensible."

"Sh" —

It was the Major who spoke. We all looked in the direction of his eyes. Passing the door, outside in the corridor, went the figure of a man, on his way out into the street. He had been sitting by himself in a quiet corner all the afternoon, unrecognized. And now, availing himself of a clear space, he was going home.

"Kaylor."

The Major lowered his voice.

"He's in for it all right," he said. "Monkeyed with the Interstate Commerce law. Made over a million on rebates. They say there's no help for him—they'll put him in jail sure. They'll fine him ten thousand and give him a couple of years. I've got his club resignation in my pocket now."

"There's happiness for you!" exclaimed Stone. "Well, maybe he doesn't care."

"Don't you fool yourself," spoke up another member of the group, Marsh, an editor. "You can rely upon it that every man is happy in proportion as he has the respect of others, and having had it once, and lost it, no one can be more miserable. Think of the pain he brings his family."

"Has he a family?" asked Stone.

"One daughter," replied the Major. "Don't you remember her? Striking girl! She was in the semifinals in the



WE HAVE OUR ENTRANCES. No. 1

*Downstairs*

*Jones: HOLY SMOKE! IS THIS WHERE BROWN LIVES? GUESS I OUGHT TO HAVE TOGGED UP A BIT MORE.*

golf tournament last year at Elmwood. Great whip. Drives a four-in-hand to beat the band."

There was a brief silence.

"Kind of tough on her," said Marsh, lighting a cigarette. "That's the worst of it all—it's the trouble it brings on others."

"What's the use," said Stone, "of our sitting here talking about it—we don't know his feelings or hers. It's a waste of time."

There were moments when Stone appeared to be a cynic.

"Here we are," he continued, "moralizing over a situation that none of us tries to make any better. I tell you, gentlemen, no man has a right to idle away at a club"—

At this instant there was a general shout. An electric cab had come up, and who should bound into the room but Billy Crane!

"Hello, boys!" he shouted. "Just got





WE HAVE OUR ENTRANCES. No. 2  
Upstairs

Voice: GLAD TO SEE YOU, JONES—JUST A MINUTE—'TIL I JOG THE FOLDING-BED, SO I CAN OPEN THE DOOR."

in. Been four hours at the cursed Custom House. Bully to get back. Can't stop but a minute."

All the group of men got up and crowded around Billy. He'd been over in France in his machine. It seemed good to get him back.

"What's the news?" he exclaimed, as he shook hands all around. "Little old New York seems as lively as ever."

"Dead!" said the Major, solemnly. "Nothing doing."

He rang the bell.

"What'll you have, Billy?" he said; "we're all going into dinner. Take a drink and join us."

Billy got up.

"Can't do it, old chap," he said; "haven't a minute to spare. Just dropped in as I was skidding past. Now I'm off."

He jumped up and stood in the doorway. Every man there was an old friend tried and true.

"Fact is," he said, confidentially, "I'm in a hurry because—well, I'm engaged. I'm off for the lady. You understand how it is. It's been a secret, but I was to announce it when I got back. That's why I'm in a rush."

Every man sprang to his feet. There was a tinkle of glass.

"Who's the happy one, Billy? Come back later and we'll do the proper—who is the lady?"

Billy lowered his voice.

"Thanks, boys," he said; "knew you'd be glad. It's Miss Kaylor. May have heard of her. Ta-ta! I'm off."

And he was gone.

It must have been fully ten minutes after Billy left before any one spoke. Perhaps it was only five, but it seemed an hour. At last the Major, shaking his head slowly, said:

"He couldn't know about it, of course. Just come off the steamer."

"Of course, he couldn't," said Stone, gruffly. "It's too bad."

Dinner was eaten in semisilence. The room gradually filled up and there was a buzz of talk from the other tables. But the men who had formed the group looked at each other and passed their remarks so gingerly that they did not seem to belong together.

After it was over, they solemnly filed back, solemnly lighted their cigars and solemnly sat and smoked.

"Well," said the Major, at ten o'clock, as he got up slowly and stretched himself, "I must be going."

"So must I," said Stone.

"And I," said Marsh.

They all rose.

At this moment the front door opened, there was a step in the corridor and Billy came in. He closed the door after him.

"Boys," he said, "that was a great thing that you did for me this afternoon—by just being here."

"How so, Billy?" asked the Major.

Billy's voice was a trifle husky.

"Why," he went on, "it was this way: She wasn't going to marry me after all. And I don't think she would either. But now, you see, she's got to."

"How is that, Billy?" asked the Major.

Billy smiled grimly.

"Because," he said, "I told her you all knew it and she just couldn't get out of it. Was I right?"

The three men gathered around him.

Stone got his hand.

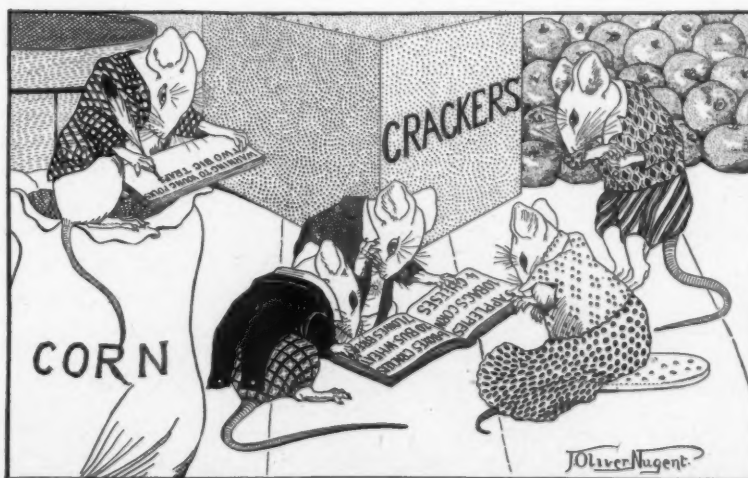
Marsh put his arm around him.

The Major grabbed him by the other hand, and rang the bell.

"Billy, old chap," he said, "you were dead right."

He turned to Stone.

"You see," he said, "there was a reason for our being here after all. And now we'll have that bottle." T. L. M.



TAKING STOCK IN THE PANTRY



TILL DEBT DO US PART

## Overtrained Sensitiveness

WHEN LIFE, a few numbers ago, printed this joke:

LITTLE GERTRUDE (*thoughtfully*): Well, I s'pose I do love Jesus Christ best, but Santa Claus has always been a pretty good friend to me—

it was with the idea that its readers would take the saying as a more or less amusing exposition of childish logic. It never occurred to LIFE that there was anything impious or irreverent in it. One of our readers, however, managed to discover that the child's utterance was sacrilegious and blasphemous, and told us so in an indignant communication which we printed in LIFE of May 14, over the signature, "An Old Friend." It is rather a shock to wake up suddenly and find that without knowing it one is sacrilegious and a blasphemer. Other letters received since, of which a few are appended, lead us to believe that our "Old Friend" is perhaps a trifle oversensitive, and that LIFE is, after all, not so wicked as his letter made out. To be constantly looking for evil where none is meant may be an evidence of goodness. If so, LIFE admits its wickedness.

### TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Your innocent joke in LIFE of April 16, 1908, in regard to Jesus and Santa Claus seems to have deeply wounded the very sensitive feelings of "An Old Friend." The writer must have to face many experiences in life that offend such religious sentiments, but when he or she says: "Can the writer of the text in question look an intelligent man or woman in the face and feel the honest glow of pleasure at this sacrilegious jest?" the words overstep all bounds of good sense in their criticism of thousands of religious persons who take no stock in any such straight-laced piety.

The remark of little Gertrude was as natural as it was innocent.

FRANCIS ALGER.

YARMOUTH PORT, MASS., May 13, 1908.

### TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Regarding the letter about jesting at religious things, I am wondering "what would Jesus do." Through the accumulated rags of ages we sometimes get a glimpse of a man who did not, we think, take himself as seriously as do some professed admirers of his. Great men assume superhuman qualities in proportion to the remoteness of the time in which they lived. George Washington has narrowly escaped being lifted out of the real into the ideal. We are very much inclined to think that our "Elder Brother," if among Twentieth Century Americans, would give the merry "ha! ha!" to certain types of people who cry "blasphemy" when others, just as earnest, just as honest as they, speak their convictions. We hear much of having consideration for the beliefs of others. What about Christians who have not respect enough for an honest opinion, adverse to their own, to give it a patient hearing?

I might be led to say something real harsh but for the consideration that our brother has an awful responsibility in guarding his family from reading anything unfit for them, for it's evident he knows just what is suitable.

But, seriously, if professed followers of Jesus Christ do not live lives which for morality and happiness contrast sharply with those of non-professors, is it not fair that they be ridiculed?

Earnestly hoping that our friend will not shut himself in from a LIFE that flows for all, I remain,

R. E. GALBREATH.

BOISE, IDAHO, May 14, 1908.

### TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Having just read that letter in your latest issue, wherein you are "called down" for publishing that joke about the little child, Santa Claus, etc., I am

unable to resist breaking a rule I have never broken before, namely, writing a letter to a publisher.

That letter, signed, "With sorrow and regret, An Old Friend," makes anything I have ever seen in LIFE before look like "thirty cents." I was "an old friend" myself, but "nothing doing" now, in the friendship line.

That "Old Friend" rather inclines me to think, now, that my friendship, which, by the way, was worth about ten cents per week for eight or ten years, might be bestowed on something better than LIFE.

I'm going to keep on reading LIFE, but nothing will accompany my little dime, hereafter, in the way of good-will, or hopes for success.

LIFE, that was a bad break. Don't do it again.

Very truly,

A FRIEND AND ADMIRER OF  
LIFE'S "OLD FRIEND."

MORGANTON, N. C., May 16, 1908.

## The Merry Widow

A MAN whose wife was extremely jealous planned a pleasant surprise for her in the form of a trip to New York to see "The Merry Widow," and wrote a friend in the city to let him know the earliest date for which he could secure seats. The next day when he was away from home the following telegram was delivered there, addressed to him, but opened by his wife:

"Nothing doing with the widow until the tenth. Will that suit you?"

Explanations were demanded.—Lippincott's.

## "What's in a Name?"

"WHAT'S your name, sir?"

"Wood."

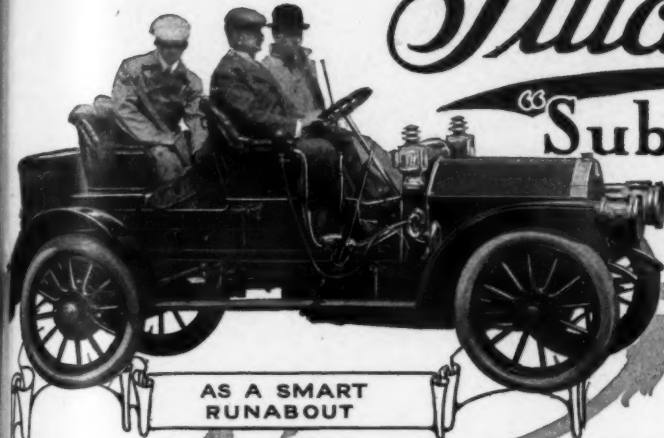
"What's your wife's name?"

"Wood, of course."

"H—m; both wood. A—ah, any kindling?"—Success.

# Introducing the *Studebaker* "Suburban"

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Kansas City, Mo.—Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co., 13th and Hickory Streets

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San Francisco, Cal.—Studebaker Bros. Co. of California, Mission and Fremont Streets  
Seattle, Wash.—Studebaker Bros. Co. Northwest, 308 First Avenue, So. (Sub Branch)



### A Coy Young Thing

THE following advertisement recently appeared: "Being aware that it is indelicate to advertise for a husband, I refrain from doing so; but if any gentleman should be inclined to advertise for a wife, I will answer the advertisement without delay. I am young, am domesticated, and considered lady-like. Apply," etc.—*Philippines Gossip*.

JAMES CREELMAN, the well-known war correspondent, who is on record over his own signature as having provoked the war between the United States and Spain, gives this description of the bravest man he ever saw:

"It was during the siege of Port Arthur," says Mr. Creelman. "On the edge of one of the parapets, his feet hanging over the edge, sat a man making a sketch of the scene. From the Japanese ships in the offing there came a continuous stream of screaming, death-delivering shells. But the man sketched on unmoved. Mauser bullets, with their peculiar snake-like hiss, flew over and beside him. In all this noise and imminent death the man continued his work, completely absorbed in it.

"Finally, there came from within the fortification a Russian officer of gigantic size. He stood long beside the man who was drawing, and watched the pencil carefully filling in the graphic lines. The shells from the ships when they struck the masonry stirred up a cloud of mortar dust, and as they exploded threw chunks of broken stone in every direction. The officer's uniform was covered with the mortar dust, and his fatigue-cap had been knocked away by a Mauser bullet. I have never seen a braver man. At last he said, in excellent English—for all Russians are excellent linguists—and, speaking with an aristocratic drawl, 'I say, Creelman, aren't you ever going to finish that sketch?'"—*Success*.



#### UNCONSTITUTIONAL PUNISHMENT

"NOR (SHALL) CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENTS (BE) INFLICTED."

—Constitution of United States, Amendment VIII.



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Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and booklets sent on request and mention of this magazine.

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EBONIZED CASE  
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## The Sin and the Foolishness of It!

A SPASM of horror swept over the country a few weeks ago, when one hundred and seventy-four children were caught in a fire trap at Collingwood and killed.

Yet now we are getting ready to destroy, or irreparably wound and injure, at least five thousand children exactly as we have done once a year for several decades.

The instruments of death are deliberately being purchased, placed on sale, advertised in alluring lines, and on July Fourth the massacre will be at its maximum.

Last year there were reported, in the large cities alone, over three hundred deaths from lockjaw, following injury to hands; four hundred and forty persons lost one eye, and over a hundred children were reported as having both eyes blown out by explosives on this one day.

Hardly a village can be found in America where there are not armless or sightless beings who are living out lingering deaths, victims of this violent way of expressing "patriotism."—*The Fra.*

### Missouri Wit

A NUMBER of Representatives were facetiously discussing the resources of the State of Missouri one afternoon, when McCall, of Massachusetts, observed to Mr. Lloyd, of the first-named State:

"Lloyd, I am told that Missouri stands at the head in raising mules."

"It seems to me," retorted Lloyd, "that is the only safe place to stand in the circumstances."—*Lippincott's.*

## What Happened to a Dog

Vivisection in Paris  
Reprinted from the Echo

AS I go out of the courtyard at the other angle to which I had entered, I heard the sound of a howling dog coming from a room over whose door I read, "Directeur des Travaux de Physiologie."

I enter, but my admission is challenged by two professors and two assistants; my card is again presented, and I am allowed to remain.

The dog, a large Newfoundland, is already bound securely to the table by strong cords to each of its legs; he struggles violently, and shakes and rocks the heavy table, but to no purpose. He cannot escape.

At his side one of the professors is injecting chloral, which is no true anesthetic.

Presently a knife is taken, the skin of the animal is cut between the ears, the flesh is cut carefully open down to the skull; but what is that curious instrument in the assistant's hand? He heats it at a gas jet, and a current is set in motion that produces a red heat at the top, and with this he sears the flesh of the mutilated animal; the electric cautery thus prevents the poor lacerated creature from mercifully bleeding to death.

I had never expected to smell the burning flesh of a living animal, and it came to me that day with a terribly new experience.

A brass plate was screwed upon the skull of the animal and a hole was made through to the brain with a circular saw, and into this hole was poured an electric current from a battery on the other table; look to it, or the dog, a very powerful one, will escape, all bleeding and torn as he is.

With the plunging of the animal, the whole arrangement of screws, etc., has become unfastened; two men hold him and they fit the plate again and turn more currents of electricity into that brain.

Will he never die? I think to myself, and my im-

pulse is to end its misery with my pocket knife; but no, that will not do, and so I watch for more than two hours these infamies perpetrated in the name of Science.

I never could have believed, had I not heard, that it was possible for any animal to express human anguish as that one did through that time of torture.

The dog groaned as I should have groaned; the thing is simply indescribable. I wish those groans could be heard for five minutes by every English man and woman; if so, vivisection would be prohibited by the consensus of our common humanity.

Sick and horrified I left the place, the victim still in the hands of his merciless torturers.

(Signed) T. A. WILLIAMS.

Bristol, England.

IF EXPERIMENTS on animals were entirely prohibited, then medical and surgical science would advance much more certainly and rapidly, through the increased attention which would be bestowed on clinical and pathological study, instead of the mind being led astray by the latest alleged triumph of Vivisection."—*Dr. Wall, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.*

### In the Law Court

VEST urged that no man should be convicted on circumstantial evidence alone.

"Why," he said, "when I was a boy I knew another lad who, while his parents were absent, went into the pantry and nearly devoured a custard pie. Then, fearing the consequences, he looked about for means of hiding the traces of his guilt.

"He seized the cat, smeared her face and paws with the custard, and then took the innocent criminal into the back yard and shot her. As he did so, the boy observed to me:

"There goes one more victim of circumstantial evidence!"

Vest won the case.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## WEDDING STATIONERY

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THE GORHAM CO.  
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### THE DISTINGUISHING PRINCIPLE

Fashion had dictated the amputation of the whisker. "Nev-er!" exclaimed the Populists, hastily convening. "Once shaved, we couldn't be distinguished from Bryan Democrats."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

### THE OLDEST OF PROFESSIONS

An old friend of the family had dropped in to see a young lawyer whose father was still paying his office rent.

"So you are now practising law," the old friend said, genially. "No, sir," said the candid youth. "I appear to be, but I am really practising economy."—*Youth's Companion*.

"THERE should be more investigation of cases where graft seems probable," remarked the energetic citizen.

"I don't know," answered Farmer Cornloss; "investigations never yet added much to my peace of mind. I'm one of those fool people who would rather go on suspecting the worst than have it proved."—*Washington Star*.

### THE PRICE OF OBEDIENCE

Upon moving into a new neighborhood the small boy of the family was cautioned not to fight with his new acquaintances. One day Willie came home with a black eye and very much spattered with dirt.

"Why, Willie," said mamma, "I thought I told you to count a hundred before you fought!"

"I did, mamma," said Willie, "and look what Tommy Smith did while I was counting!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"WELL," said the cannibal chief, as his followers brought in the lean but plucky explorer, "who in blazes ever said 'the bravest are the tenderest'?"—*Princeton Tiger*.



"THAT WAS A PHILANTHROPIC PROFESSOR WHO LEFT US THIS SUN-GLASS LAST SUMMER."

SWEET THING: What is that man doing who is lying under the automobile in that funny way?

SARCASTIC BRUTE: Why, can't you see, he is picking daisies?—*Wasp*.

### SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

From a Paris paper we take the following conversation in a police court:

THE PRESIDENT: It appears from your record that you have been thirty-seven times previously convicted.

THE PRISONER (sententiously): Man is not perfect.—*Home Herald*.

A VERY dignified Bishop, after a long journey to conduct a service in a distant village, was asked by the spokesman of the reception committee if he would like a whisky-and-soda to keep out the cold. "No!" replied the Bishop, emphatically, "for three reasons: First, because I am chairman of the Temperance Society; secondly, I am just going to enter a church, and, thirdly, because—I have just had one."—*Bellman*.

### DEGREES

Positive—Sylph.

Comparative—Mayflower.

Superlative—My fleet.—*Evening Sun*.

### HINTS TO TIPSTERS

GADD: Whenever one of the big magnates says to buy stocks, I always sell. That's the way to fool 'em.

CADD: I don't. When they say to buy, I always buy.

"But don't you know they never express their private opinions in public? They always say just the opposite of what they think."

"No, you're a back number. They're on to that scheme. When they say to buy, they know you will think they believe it is really time to sell. So now they say just the opposite of what they expect you to do. They say the right thing, because you will think it is the wrong thing. By the way, Gadd, did you ever make any money in stocks?"

"No."

"Neither did I."—*Lippincott's*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Brems

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This magnificent new twin-screw steamship of 9000 tons, 500 feet long, average speed 16 knots, has every modern convenience and appliance that ingenuity can suggest, tending to the comfort and safety of the passengers.

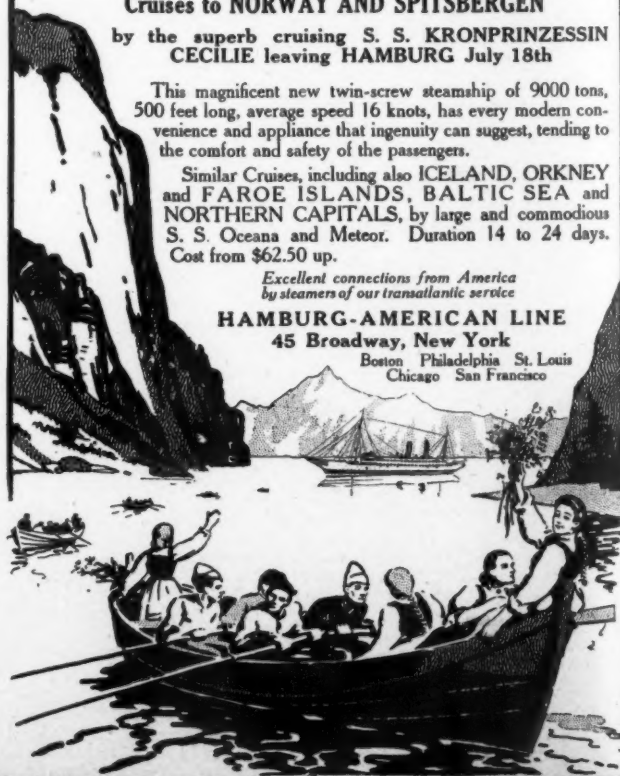
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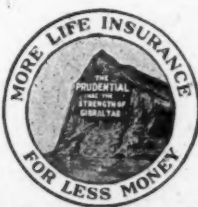
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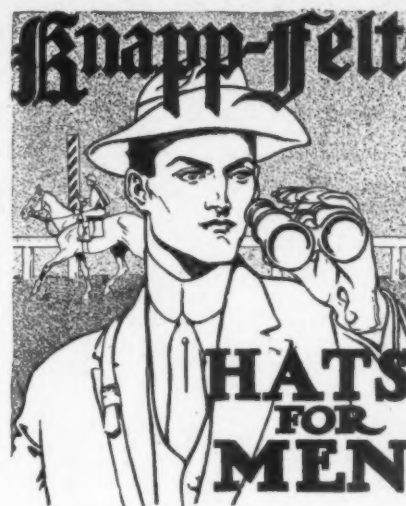
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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

To wed or not to wed:  
That is the question.  
Whether 'tis better  
To remain single  
And disappoint a few women—  
For a time;  
Or marry  
And disappoint one woman—  
For life!

—Young's Magazine.

### HOW TO BE LUCKY ALWAYS

George Salsberry, mining operator, returned from Rawhide yesterday, convinced that advice is not always worthless. He told about it at the St. Francis last evening.

"Talk about advice being cheap," he said, "I tell you a man often gets mighty valuable advice, and from entire strangers, too. It shows we're all akin and that the milk of human kindness is ever ready to flow if we hold a pail for it.

"There was Turner—ever hear of him? He's a prospector—at Rawhide. We were sitting in the hotel chinning, when along came a fellow who knew Turner slightly, but gave him the best advice in the world, and next week Turner struck it rich.

"'Been having any luck?' the fellow asked.

"Turner replied, 'Oh, good enough luck one day, and the next day no luck at all.'

"'Then work every other day only,' said the fellow."—San Francisco Chronicle.

### LEADS THEM ALL

An instructor in the Military Academy at West Point was once assigned to conduct about the place the visiting parents of a certain cadet.

After a tour of the post, the proud and happy parents joined the crowd assembled to witness evening parade, a most imposing spectacle. The march past aroused the father of the cadet to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

"There!" he exclaimed, turning to his spouse, "isn't that fine? But," he added, reflectively, "I shall not be happy till my boy attains the proud position that leads 'em all." And he pointed in rapt admiration to the drum-major.—The Advance.

### TOO MUCH FOR THE OLD MAN

"Good-morning, sir," said the artist, politely, "that's a perfect cow of yours down there in the field; I'd like to paint her, if you don't mind."

"By heck!" exclaimed Farmer Korntop; "I reckon ye won't. Git outer hyar! I'm tired o' you 'Perkins' Purple Pills' fellers."—Philadelphia Press.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

"WOMAN is naturally more hopeful than man."

"Yes, there's my wife, for instance; for years past every time she has had occasion to buy fish she has asked the dealer if they were fresh, hoping, I suppose, that some day he'll say 'no.'"—News.

### THE APTNESS WAS TOO MUCH

A minister, a man of great vigor and vehemence, while preaching one Sunday, bent forward and shouted out with great force the words of his text: "The righteous shall stand, but the wicked shall fall."

Just as these words escaped from his lips the pulpit broke from its fastening, and he fell out and rolled over on the floor before his congregation. Picking himself up he said:

"Brethren, I am not hurt, and I don't mind the fall, but I do hate the connection."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### HEARD IN A PARIS SHOP

"I would like to take my wife a souvenir of Menton."

"We have mosaics from Florence, olive wood from Sorrente, corals from Naples."

"I should like something local."

"Very well; I will show you some English objects."—Petit Journal Pour Rire.

### GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

"Its purity has made it famous."

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

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## When Fields Were Fresh and Pastures New

OF ALL the men I never met  
Not one so gladly would I know  
As Adam, Villa Paradise,  
The first estate in Apple Row.

For how delightful it would be  
Some private mental grounds to find  
All dewy fresh as springing grass—  
Untrampled premises of mind.

Where only Eve and Nature caused  
The sweet reactions of a soul  
Unvexed by all the sages' lore  
That bulges as the æons roll.

Most truthfully might Adam say,  
"I think" and never once excite  
The wonder if the thought were his  
Or shimmer pale of borrowed light.

"Oh, tell me, Adam," I would say  
(If such a tête-à-tête might be),  
"Just what you think of women now,  
And what of yon forbidden tree?"

And never once would Adam quote  
What Maeterlinck or Milton said;  
But serve me fresh his own ideas  
Home raised in Fancy's fragrant bed.

But now, alas, where may I find  
A mind with grassy lanes and nooks  
Untrampled by another's thoughts,  
Unmystified by pedant books?

The mental rills of babyhood  
May scarce a single decade run  
Ere tributaries they receive  
From every land beneath the sun.

I yearn to hear the ocean roll  
Without a single hint from Byron,  
Nor use some other poet's ear  
To catch the sea notes of a siren.

I want to love and quite forget  
Ten thousand things that men have said  
About its rainbow makeup fair,  
That hangs illusion o'er our head.

So fade away, old sages all,  
And leave me to myself awhile;  
I'm fain to learn of Nature's self  
The Esperanto of her smile.

—Evening Sun.

## We Progress

"WHISTLING girls and crowing hens were outcasts a generation ago."

"Well?"

"But now they both can make money in vaudeville."—*Kansas City Journal*.

## The Dear Old Days

TOUCHED by his sad story, a Harrisburg woman recently furnished a meal to a melancholy looking hobo who had applied therefor at the back door.

"Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked the compassionate woman. "Was it ever broken?"

"No, mum," answered the hobo, with a snuffle. "But during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break, mum."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"I'S BEEN a sinnah!" vouchsafed a recently converted brother, during an experience meeting in Ebenezer Chapel. "A heen-yus, low-down, contaminated sinnah for lo dese many yeahs, and never knowed it!" "Don' let dat molest yo', Brudder Newcome," spoke up a sympathetically inclined deacon. "De rest of us knowed it all de time."—*Tribune*.



John Adams

Signer of the Declaration of Independence and Second President of the United States.

HERE we have a Puritan of the Puritans—a man of stern and unbending rectitude—of generous and truly heroic temperament.

Descended from a pious God-fearing New England family of Pilgrims and Pioneers (who were for generations brewers, maltsters, barley and hop growers) he became the mouthpiece of the Revolution—the terror of tyrants—a giant in debate—and diplomatically more than a match for Pitt and Talleyrand.

I would rather die than be dictated to—this sentence accurately describes the stubborn spirit of this valiant old patriot whom all England could not govern.

John Adams, even as his fathers before him, nourished mind and body on health-giving barley beer, and died at 91 (twenty-one years beyond the scriptural span) enjoying all his mental powers to the very last.\*

\*Familiar Letters—Riverside Press, N. Y., 1776, pages 22, 43, 46, 47, 79, 172, 220, 277.

Life and works by his son, John Quincy Adams, Vol. 1, pages 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, etc.

A letter to his wife, Abigail, May 22, 1777, says: "I would give \$5.00 for a gallon of your beer."

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- The Mind That Found Itself*, by C. W. Beers. (Longmans, Green and Company.)  
*The Four Pools Mystery* (The Century Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Virgil*, by Harold Begbie. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Bond*, by Neith Boyce. (Duffield and Company. \$1.50.)  
*King Spruce*, by Helman Day. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)  
*The Clutch of Circumstance*, by James E. Barnes. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)  
*Santa Lucia*, by Mary Austin. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)  
*The Duke of Gandia*, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)  
*On the Training of Parents*, by Ernest Hamlin Abbott. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)  
*Home from Sea*, by George S. Wasson. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Heart of the Red Firs*, by Ada Woodruff Anderson. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Battle for the Pacific*, by Rowan Stevens, Yates Stirling and others. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)  
*Socialists at Work*, by Robert Hunter. (The Mac-Millan Company. \$1.50.)  
*Harper's Indoor Book for Boys*, by Joseph H. Adams. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.75.)  
*The Cheerful Smugglers*, by Ellis Parker Butler. (The Century Company. \$1.00.)  
*Lyrics and Landscapes*, by Harrison S. Morris. (The Century Company.)  
*My Lost Duchess*, by Jesse Lynch Williams. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)  
*Over Against Green Peak*, by Zephine Humphrey. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.)

### Safe Enough

"WHAT would you say if your party leaders were to come to you and say your country called you?"  
 "If I were sure they spoke with sincerity," replied Senator Sorghum, "I should exhibit great reluctance."  
 "Even though they besought you?"  
 "Certainly. It's only when they are beseeching you that it is safe to show reluctance."—*Washington Star*.

TEACHER: Parse "court."

PUPIL: "Court," a verb, active, indicative mood, present tense, and agrees with all the girls in the neighborhood.—*Tit-Bits*.

### A Lesson in Socialism

MIKE and Pat were two Irish friends—and Democrats. One day Mike learned that Pat had turned Socialist. This grieved and troubled Mike, who said: "Pat, I don't understand this Socialism. What is it, now?"  
 "It means dividing up your property equally," said Pat. "'Tis this way. If I had two million dollars I'd give you a million and keep a million myself—see?"  
 "And if you had two farms, Pat, what would you do?"  
 "I'd divide up, Mike. I'd give you one and I'd keep one."  
 "And if you had two pigs, Pat, would you share those, too?"  
 "Now, Mike, you go to thunder! You know I've got two pigs!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

### Defined

STELLA: What is the rule of three?  
 BELLA: That one ought to go home.—*Evening Sun*.

### "Outing" Three Heights

Yachting—Low  
Outing—Medium  
Touring—Higher



NO Spring and Summer Collar ever designed has ever equaled, for style, the "Outing" collar—originated by us.

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### IV

THE KING OF SPAIN

Then up spake the young King of Spain,  
 "I've not ruled my kingdom in vain;  
 I've banished as bores  
 All printed Bridge scores  
 And buy 'RAD-BRIDGE' again and again."

### The Mummy and the Yorkshireman

LADY DUFF-GORDON was describing, at a dinner in New York, the visit that she paid to Chinatown under the able guidance of Chuck Connors.

"It was a most interesting visit," Lady Duff-Gordon said, "but I could not understand the English of my guide, nor could I understand the intricacies of the opium smoking, the Chinese acting and the other strange and novel things I saw."

"Altogether, I must have appeared very ignorant—as ignorant as the Yorkshireman who came to London to see our famous British Museum."

"Unfortunately, the Yorkshireman chose a close day for his visit, and the policeman at the gate, when he presented himself there, waved him away."

"But I must come in," said the Yorkshireman. "I've a holiday on purpose."

"No matter," said the guardian. "This is a close day, and the museum is shut."

"What! Ain't this public property?"

"Yes," admitted the policeman; "but," he cried, excitedly, "one of the mummies died on Tuesday, and do you begrudge us one day to bury him in?"

"Oh, excuse me," said the Yorkshireman, in a hushed voice. "In that case I won't intrude."—*Washington Star*.

"IN YOUR opinion," asked the member of the investigating committee, "what is the cause of the evident unrest among the Indians?"

Comanche Pete, the noted scout, blew a cloud of smoke into the atmosphere.

Then he took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Fleas," he answered.—*Chicago Tribune*.

### A Formula of Potentates

KNICKER: What does the janitor call you now?  
BOCKER: My people.—*Evening Sun*.

### A Child's Advice

THE Sunday school was about to be dismissed, when the superintendent arose, to the disgust of nearly all the children, who thought the session had been long enough, and announced, "And now, children, let me introduce Mr. Smith, who will give us a short talk."

Mr. Smith smilingly arose and, after gazing impressively around the classroom began with, "I hardly know what to say," when the whole school was convulsed to hear a small, thin voice back in the rear lip:

"Thay amen and thit down!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

### Getting Even with Fra Elbertus

ELBERT HUBBARD says he was nearing the end of a lecture before one thousand attentive inmates of a State insane asylum, when an old woman came screaming down the aisle, waving her arms frantically.

"My God! I can't stand this nonsense any longer."

"That," said the superintendent to Mr. Hubbard, "is the first sign she has shown of returning sanity."—*Success*.

### Sign of Precocity

FIRST MAGAZINE EDITOR: I believe my youngster is cut out for an editor.

SECOND EDITOR: Why so?

"Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the waste-basket!"—*Lippincott's*.

### Our Transterranean Navy

ADMIRAL EVANS'S Chief of Staff says: "The battleship can go to any part of the world if coal is provided."

This does away with the old supposition that water was also necessary.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



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Have a corner in the outing satchel for the needful when needed; for the batter at the bat, the sprinter at the scratch, the oarsman on the stroke and the thousands of excursionists who will weary under jostle and heat.

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### Always Good

"A H, YONDER goes a wicked beauty," said the Fool, the while he pointed out a very handsome woman in the street.

"Friend Fool, there is no such thing as a wicked beauty," was the Sage's answer.

"But, Master Sage, that beauty I am showing you, she's very wicked!" cried the Fool. "Why, she has ruined men galore! Wicked—well, I should say she was!"

The Sage smiled simply, as he made reply:

"You may be right in that the woman's wicked. But"—

He paused an instant to drive home his point.

"Her beauty, Fool, is good, exceeding good!"—*Hertzberger's Weekly.*

### Harben's Run from His Life

MR. WILL N. HARBEN has a good story to tell, one with a moral which he says might read, "What's the use?" One of the ladies who are constrained to entertain their literary clubs with "afternoons with authors," wrote Mr. Harben, asking him politely to furnish her with the story of his life.

Being a busy man, Mr. Harben sent a courteous

letter of regret instead. Whereupon the lady wrote politely to ex-Governor Northen, of Virginia, because she had seen his name attached to a Harper record endorsing Mr. Harben's latest novel, *Mam' Linda*. Whereupon the ex-Governor, being at least no less busy than Mr. Harben, politely wrote to the Mayor of Dalton, because Dalton was where Mr. Harben was born. Whereupon the Mayor, being also busy, politely wrote to Mr. Loveman, of Dalton, because Mr. Loveman was a friend of Mr. Harben. Whereupon Mr. Loveman politely wrote to Mr. Harben. Problem: Who is to blame, or did the lady get the biography?—*Harper's Weekly.*

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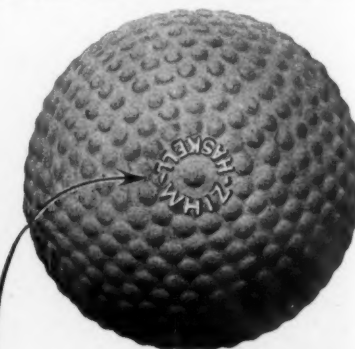


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## HASKELL-WHIZ GOLF BALL

It stands for durability,  
distance, direction

A perfectly balanced golf ball

Price, 50 cents

The B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY  
AKRON, OHIO



# Ode to a "Mineral"

(Inspired by the prospective dearth of alcoholic "refreshments.")

HAIL to thee, blithe fluid,  
"Drink" thou never wast,  
That with ether brewed,  
Upward still art tossed,  
Until thine airy heart in nothingness is lost.

Higher yet and higher  
Leap thy frothy gases;  
When I loose the wire  
Out they come in masses,  
Milder than Allsopp's own, and more refined than Bass's.

When the vault is shining,  
Then thy praise is sung;  
I have seen men dining  
Roll thee round their tongue,  
Like a full-bodied port laid down when they were young.

Even millionaires,  
Dukes and such, a-ll  
Soft on silken chairs,  
Thy renown extol,  
And drink thee when their doctors veto alcohol.

What dost thou resemble?  
Snowflakes on the breeze,  
Gossamers a-tremble,  
Gardens full of bees?  
I do not greatly care; take which you like of these.

Anyhow, thy joyance  
Leaves no after-pain;  
Subsequent annoyance  
Shadows not its train;  
One drinks and only feels a mild internal strain.

Others have preferred  
Beer in time of drought;  
I have never heard  
Cork of ale or stout  
Expelled with such a cry of rapture from the spout.

Ah, if men would scorn  
Wine and malt and hops,  
If the globe were shorn  
Bare of baleful crops,  
Who knows what England might become on sparkling pops?

Better than all treasures  
That in Rheims are found,  
Better than pint measures  
Insolently "downed,"  
Is thy impetuous form, thou spurner of the ground.

Clear our heads of troubles,  
Comfort us when dry;  
Fill us with thy bubbles,  
Also tell us why  
They sate so soon, but oh! so seldom satisfy.

—Punch

## An Eye to Business

AN EXPERT golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer skulked across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly insensible. When he recovered, a five-dollar bill was pressed into his hand by the regretful golfer.

"Thanky, sir," said the injured man, after a kindling glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir?"—*Lippincott's*.

## My! But Isn't He Nasty!

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OLD GROUCH: Humph! Just about a sixth, all the women I've met.—*Tribune*.

## Anybody's Darling

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FEMALE VOICE: Hello!

"Is this you, darling?"

"Yes; who are you?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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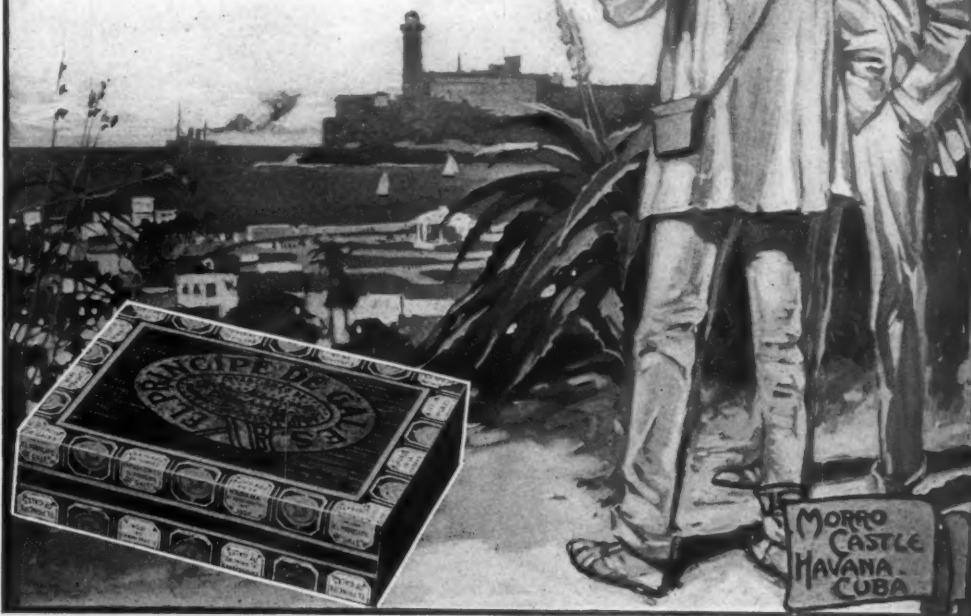
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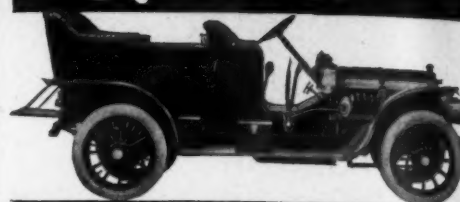
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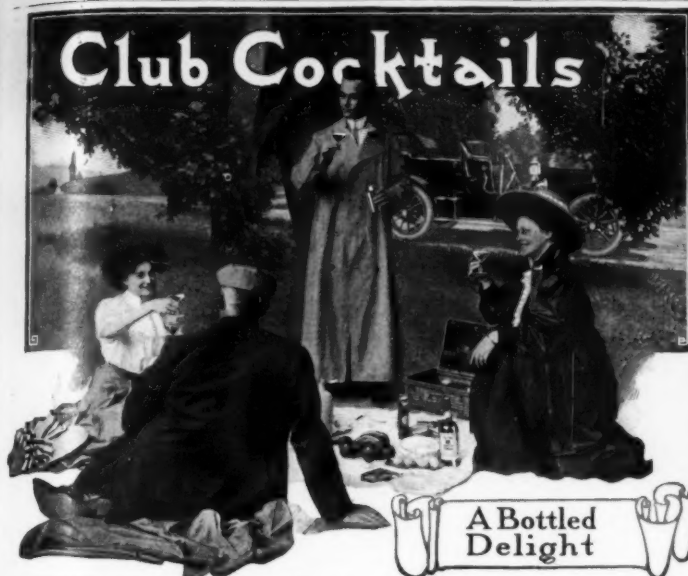
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